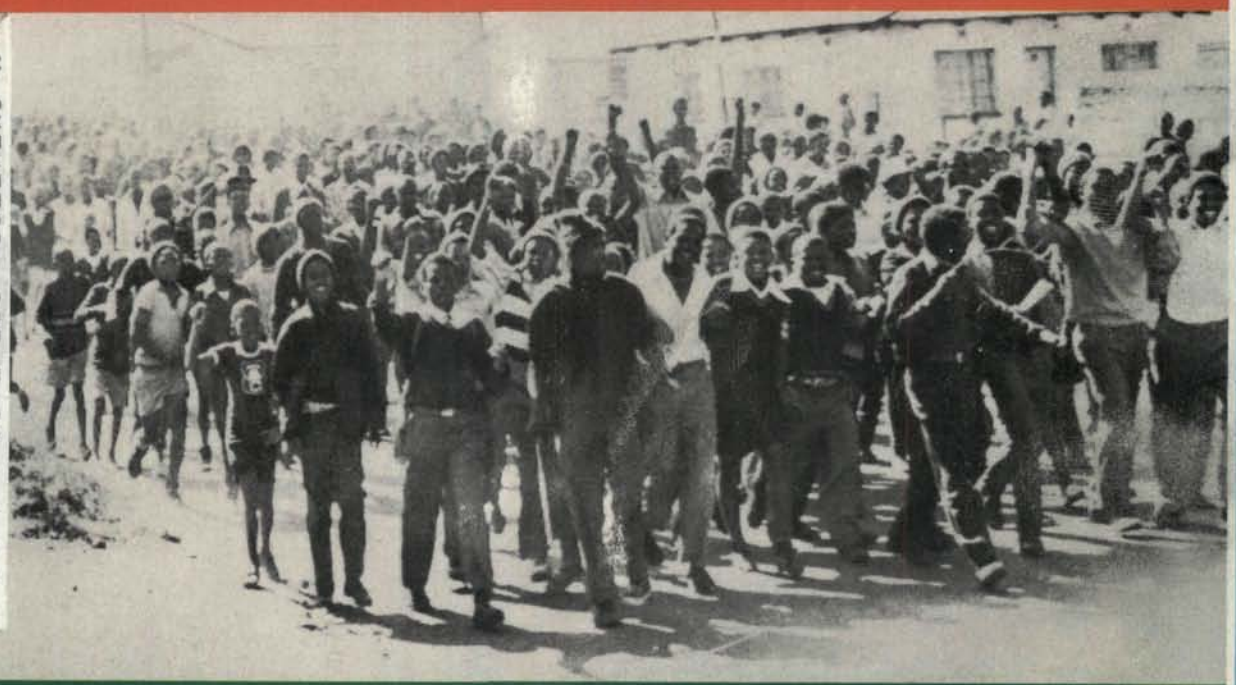
RICE 75¢

ES BURNHAM ON
he Great Arms Debate
-see page 1110

OCTOBER 15, 1976

NATIONAL REVIEW

M SMTH779R- 005 7620 - 1 38 -
ROY E SMITH
PO BOX 1779
COLORADO SPGS CO 80901



South Africa IN OUR FUTURE

LAURENCE SALOMON

Also In This Issue

NATHAN GLAZER ON THE SUPREME COURT AND DESEGREGATION
JEFFREY HART ON FOREST HILLS ◆ JOHN R. COYNE JR. ON
THE ELLIOT RICHARDSON BOOK ◆ ALSO MANO, MARTIN, KIRK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WANTED

Five enterprising people to take on challenging project.

THE ROLEX OYSTER 1926-1976 TO MARK THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF
The Rolex Award for Enterprise
Created by Montres Rolex S.A. to sponsor outstanding personal enterprise

50 years of the Rolex Oyster

1976 is the 50th anniversary of the introduction of the Rolex Oyster case, which provides precise watch mechanisms with extraordinary protection against water, dust, dirt and shock.

Since 1926, Rolex has pioneered many other major developments in the wristwatch.

And Rolex owners have been pioneering, too. Lord Hunt climbing Mt. Everest, Sir Francis Chichester sailing alone around the world . . . Thor Heyerdahl, Jackie Stewart, Arnold Palmer . . . those are just a few.

The Rolex Awards for Enterprise

To provide financial help for projects that break new ground and capture the spirit of enterprise shown by Rolex and Rolex owners, we are offering five Awards for Excellence, totaling 250,000 Swiss Francs. Each winner will receive 50,000 Swiss Francs, plus a specially inscribed Rolex Chronometer.

Projects eligible

Applicants are invited to submit proposals for projects in any of these three general categories:

Science and invention—Projects involving a step forward in research, experiment or innovation in the general field of science and technology.

Exploration and discovery—Projects submitted need not match the scale of the examples mentioned earlier. This category covers a broad spectrum of activities—from original map research to an expedition.

The environment—Projects that seek to protect and preserve the world around us—by fighting pollution, for example, or helping to save some of our threatened species of wildlife.

How to apply

Official entry forms, detailed rules and conditions are available from: The Secretariat, The Rolex Awards for Enterprise, P.O. Box 695, 1211 Geneva 1, Switzerland.

Include your name and address and state the general nature of the project you are considering for entry.

Entries should be submitted as soon as possible and must arrive no later than March 31st, 1977.

The Rolex Oyster
Perpetual Day-Date.

ROLEX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do you have room in your home for three wise men? They are Plato, Aristotle, and Marcus Aurelius...three of the wisest, wittiest, most stimulating minds that ever lived.

They still live...in the Five Great Dialogues of Plato, the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, and Aristotle's On Man in the Universe.

All three books (regularly $13.17) can be yours for only $1.00 as your introduction to the Classics Club.

The Classics Club is quite unlike any other book club.

The Club doesn't offer best sellers that come and go. Instead, it offers its members a chance to stay young through great books that will never grow old. These books include Utopia by Thomas More; the works of Shakespeare; Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography; Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat; Walden by Thoreau; and other fresh, spontaneous, even outspoken works that stretch your mind and sweep away the mental cobwebs that hold back most men.

You never have to buy any of these books. (To force you to buy a classic would be barbaric.) As a member, take only those books you really want to own. And, at any time, you may cancel your membership, without penalty or hurt feelings.

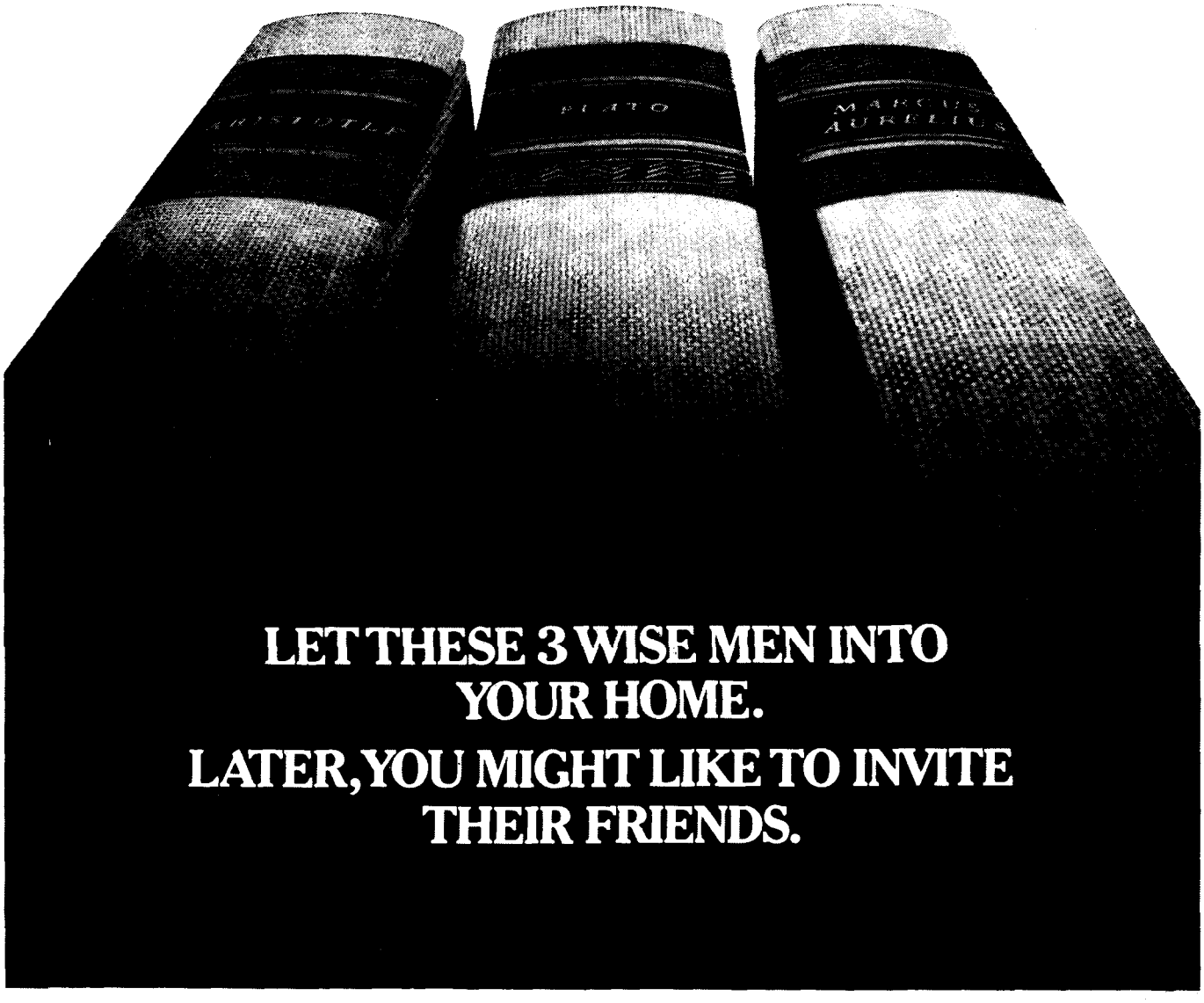
The selections themselves are remarkable values. They're carefully printed on expensive paper stock. They're hard-bound in matched wheat-colored buckram, worked and stamped in crimson, black, and 23-karat gold. And through direct-to-the-public distribution, we are able to offer our members these deluxe editions for only $4.39 each, plus shipping.

Interested? We'll send you the first three selections, Plato, Aristotle and Marcus Aurelius—all three for only $1.00 plus shipping.

We know what charmers these three wise men are. We're betting that you'll be so taken by them that you'll want to stay in the Club and meet some of their friends, including the greatest story tellers, philosophers, poets, and historians the world has ever known.

Don't send any money now. We'll bill you later. Just fill in the coupon below, now, while you're thinking about it and while the invitation still stands.

Mail coupon to The Classics Club, Roslyn, New York 11576.



LET THESE 3 WISE MEN INTO YOUR HOME.

LATER, YOU MIGHT LIKE TO INVITE THEIR FRIENDS.

THE CLASSICS CLUB
ROSLYN, N.Y. 11576

Please enroll me as a member and send me at once Plato, Aristotle and Marcus Aurelius. I enclose *no money now*. After a week's examination, I will either keep my books and pay $1 (plus postage and handling) or return them. As a new member, I will get a complete list of titles from which to select the books I want. For each volume I choose I pay only $4.39 (plus postage and handling). I may return any book, at the Club's expense, for full credit and I may cancel my membership at any time.

THE CLASSICS CLUB, ROSLYN, N.Y. 11576

NAME _____

(PLEASE PRINT) PAM-9C

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____ ZIP 6-HO

Note: Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Ontario; offer slightly different in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOL. XXVIII, NO. 39

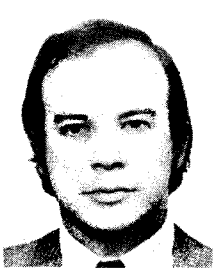
OCTOBER 15, 1976

NR NATIONAL REVIEW

SALOMON
Page 1111

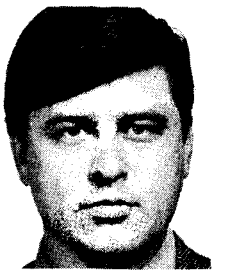
BUCKLEY
Page 1128

SOLMON
Page 1120



CALZON
Page 1123

GLAZER
Page 1130



SOBRAN
Page 1134

ARTICLES

1111 **South Africa in Our Future**
Black liberation *v.* white freedom: a showdown is coming, and the loser—the white population of Africa—may well play Samson with nuclear weapons. The rest of the world can escape incineration, but not other evil consequences, including the increasing sequestration of the West.
Laurence Salomon

1119 **Vladimir Slepak's Vigil**
He applied for an exit visa seven years ago. He and his family are still waiting.
David Shribman

1120 **Higher Education and Good Jobs**
The alarmist talk about the plight of college graduates is based on some rigid misunderstandings. *Lewis C. Solmon*

1123 **Cuba's Samizdat**
In a Dark Age, culture survives by means of typewriter and carbon paper.
Frank Calzon

COLUMNS

1110 **Choose Your Weapons, Gentlemen**
Replies to criticisms of "Nostalgia and Weapons" (August 20). *James Burnham*

1124 **The Opportunity**
The law is doing no favors for Christians. But why should they expect it to?
Malachi B. Martin

1125 **Praying in Public**
The public-prayer movement is thriving these days, *pace* the nine old secularists.
Russell Kirk

ARTS & MANNERS

1126 **A Day at the Races**
New York's Off-Track Betting lacks only Nathan Detroit. *D. Keith Mano*

1127 **Where the Money Is**
At Forest Hills, the Russians will descend even to play with Chileans. *Jeffrey Hart*

1128 **Lazing It through Languedoc**
How lovely, to glide on the *Canal du Midi*. *Priscilla L. Buckley*

BOOKS

1130 *Disaster by Decree* examines the transmutation of the *Brown* decision's color blindness into a new race consciousness.
Nathan Glazer

1133 Elliot Richardson has lived at the center of political drama, but his new book, alas, reads like a bureaucrat's Bartlett's.
John R. Coyne Jr.

1134 How can a free and rational being submit to the rule of another? Thomas Molnar explains. *M. J. Sobran Jr.*

1135 **The Right Books**
Our age abounds in magic-seekers and other occultists. A bad omen. *M. Stanton Evans*

1136 The woman who knew Proust best in daily life has broken her long silence with a memoir. *Rene Kuhn Bryant*

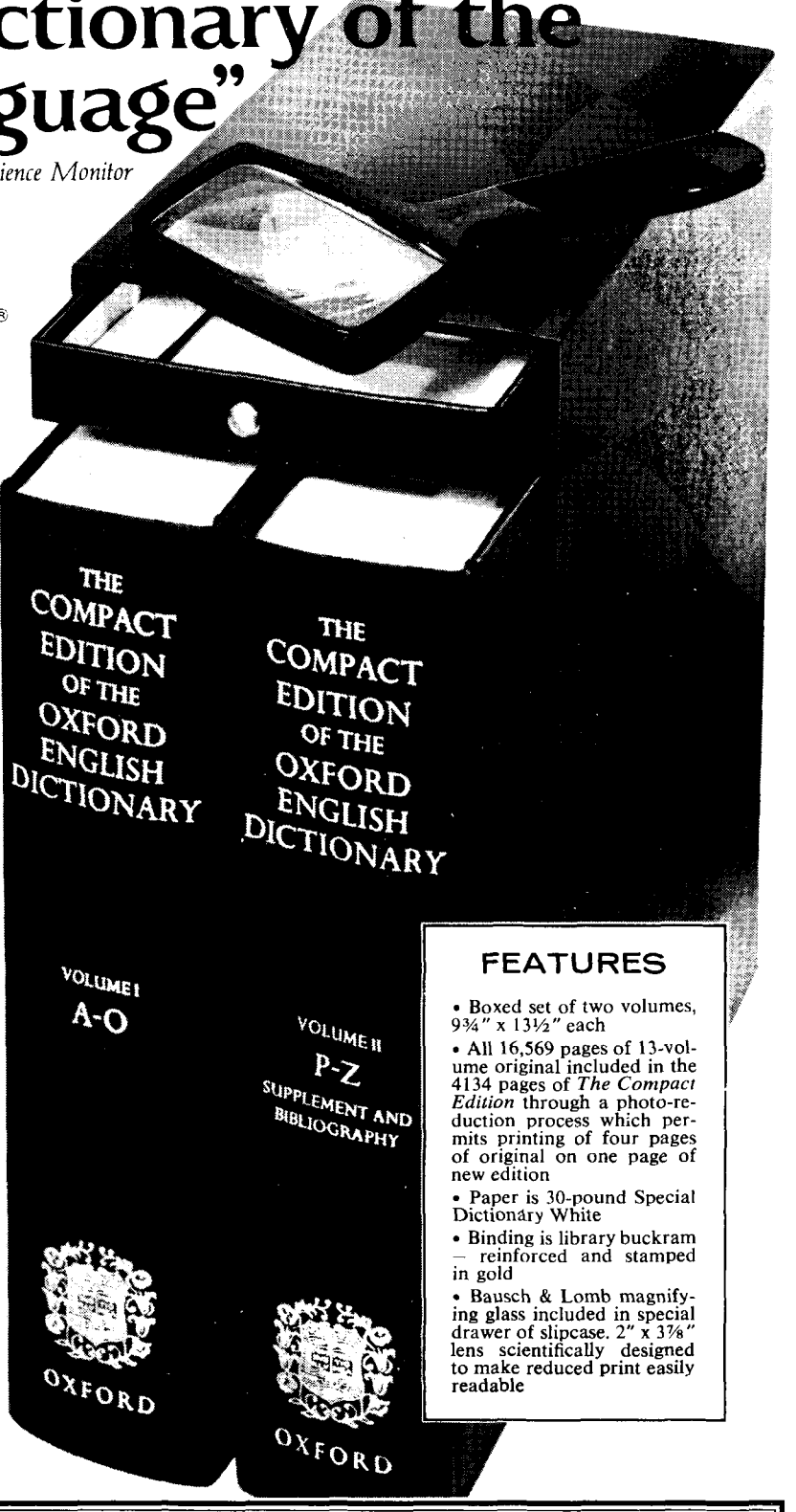
1094 **Letters**
1098 **For the Record**
1100 **The Week**
1132 **Random Notes**
1140 **On the Right**
1142 **Trans-O-Gram**

Cover photo by AP Wirephoto

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The most complete and most scholarly dictionary of the English language"

—*The Christian Science Monitor*


THE COMPACT EDITION OF THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY
THE COMPACT EDITION OF THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY
VOLUME I A-O
VOLUME II P-Z SUPPLEMENT AND BIBLIOGRAPHY
OXFORD
OXFORD

As an introduction to membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

yours for only

$17.50 [Publisher's list price $95]

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY is generally regarded as the final arbiter of the English language. Until recently, it has been available only as a thirteen-volume set, currently priced at $395. Now, through the combination of an ingenious method of micrographic reproduction and a fine Bausch & Lomb optical lens, every single one of its 16,569 pages, fifty million words and close to two million illustrative quotations appears, in easily readable form, in *The Compact Edition.*

> Book critic Christopher Lehmann-Haupt of *The New York Times* has said of this edition: "It is something of a miracle.... *The Compact Edition* is easier to work with than the original with its 13 separate volumes."

Even more extraordinary, as a trial member of the Book-of-the-Month Club you may obtain the two-volume set for only $17.50. And as long as you remain a member, you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News,*® a literary magazine announcing the coming Selection and describing other important books, known as Alternates, most of which are available at substantial discounts—up to **40%** on more expensive volumes. All of these books **are identical to the publishers' editions in content, format, size and quality.**

If you continue after your trial membership, you will earn at least one Book-Dividend® Credit for every Selection or Alternate you buy. These Credits entitle you to obtain a wide variety of books, called Book-Dividends, at astonishing savings—*at least 70% of publishers' list prices.*

FACTS ABOUT MEMBERSHIP

- You will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News,* a literary magazine published by the Club fifteen times a year. The *News* describes the coming Selection and scores of Alternates, and will be sent to you approximately every three and a half weeks.
- If you wish to purchase the Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically.
- If you do not want the Selection—or you would like one of the Alternates or no book at all—simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *News* and mail it so we receive it by the date specified.
- If, because of late mail delivery of the *News,* you should receive a Selection without having had 10 days to decide whether you want it, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.

FEATURES

- Boxed set of two volumes, 9¾" x 13½" each
- All 16,569 pages of 13-volume original included in the 4134 pages of *The Compact Edition* through a photo-reduction process which permits printing of four pages of original on one page of new edition
- Paper is 30-pound Special Dictionary White
- Binding is library buckram — reinforced and stamped in gold
- Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass included in special drawer of slipcase. 2" x 3⅜" lens scientifically designed to make reduced print easily readable

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

6-A123-10-1

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me *The Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary,* billing me $17.50 (in Canada $19 — publisher's price $105). I agree to buy at least four Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying in most cases special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these four books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments.

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address 53

City .....

State ..... *Zip* .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

William F. Buckley Jr. *Editor*

William A. Rusher *Publisher*

James P. McFadden *Associate Publisher*

Editors
James Burnham / Jeffrey Hart

Priscilla L. Buckley *Managing Editor*
Linda Bridges *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frances Bronson *Executive Secretary*

Contributing Editors
John R. Coyne Jr.
W. H. von Dreele
Nika Hazelton
James Jackson Kilpatrick
Kevin Lynch *(Articles)*
D. Keith Mano / Malachi B. Martin
Gerhart Niemeyer
William F. Rickenbacker / Francis Russell
M. J. Sobran Jr. *(Arts & Manners)*
Chilton Williamson Jr. *(Books)*

Associates
Carol B. Learsy
Jane Buckley Smith
Jeanne Wacker / Timothy J. Wheeler

Robin Wu *Research Director*
James W. O'Bryan *Art Director*
Anna Lieber *Production Editor*
John K. Syze *Circulation Manager*

Advertising Director
Robert F. Sennott Jr.

Assistant Publisher
Edward A. Capano

Contributors
Aram Bakshian Jr. / C. D. Batchelor
Ruth Berenson / Colm Brogan
David Brudnoy / John Chamberlain
Jack Chatfield / Miles Copeland
Guy Davenport / Neal Freeman
Victor Gold / John Greenway
Henry Hazlitt / Will Herberg
Elspeth Huxley
John Kiley / Suzanne La Follette
Vincent Miller / Ferdinand Mount
Daniel Oliver / Alan Reynolds
Morrie Ryskind / William S. Schlamm
Ralph de Toledano
Charles Wallen Jr.
George F. Will
Peter P. Witonski / Edwin M. Yoder Jr.

Foreign Contributors
Anthony Lejeune *London*
Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich*
Taki Theodoracopulos *Athens*
Donald Coxe *Toronto*
Nena Ossa *Santiago*

*

Letters

Secretary Brzezinski?

I was (mostly) convinced by Henry Paolucci's article "Carter's Kissinger" [Oct. 1]. I found in it a little too much of the usual American distrust for the technocrats —technocrats, as the French know, are very useful so long as they are kept to tactics rather than strategy. But the opposite danger—that the technocrats will wind up in sole control of our policy—is a serious one. And now that I've read Paolucci's article, Brzezinski is one technocrat I specially don't want to see in charge of our foreign policy.

One can't accuse the Brzezinskis of this world of going under false pretenses: his entire policy, his conception of where we stand vis-à-vis the Soviet Union, has been laid out in his books for all to see. The problem is, such books are usually so dull and jargon-laden that average people—the people who will be voting for or against the men whose *éminences grises* the Brzezinskis are—won't wade through them. Kudos to Mr. Paolucci for having had the energy and determination to do so, and for bringing to light these revelatory phrases: "Power not only corrupts; it also educates." "It takes a strong government to score diplomatic, political, and military successes in a cold war. It takes an even stronger one to negotiate detentes, to carry off retreats, and to survive reverses in a cold war. . . . The raw material for McCarthy-like mass movements, capitalizing on popular fears and frustrations, lies beneath the surface in American politics."

Springfield, Mass. OLGA BOLOTOV

Dissenters' Reading List

With mixed feelings, I write to thank you for including my *Peaceable Kingdoms* on your "Dissent" to "Big Brother's Reading List" [May 28]. My qualms come from the ideological company I thereby keep and, more, from my uneasy sense that I am not so far as I once fancied from such ideological company. My pleasures come from the intelligence that informs the selections in general and, more, from being caught in the fullness of my arrogant ambition by whoever it was who slipped my book into that first, general category. As you have doubtless guessed already, my pleasures outweigh my qualms. As I want to be sure the appropriate whoever knows, I am very grateful.

Philadelphia, Pa. MICHAEL ZUCKERMAN
Department of History
University of Pennsylvania

Campaign Notes

I don't believe that Jimmy Carter ["The Week," August 6] really is who He seems to think He is. He just has the same initials.

Metairie, La. FRANCIS J. HOTARD

Only a team player would have thought of using a man named Dole to attack the welfarists.

Boston, Mass. C. PARKINSON

The new conservative party derided in your pages ["The Week," Sept. 17] as "an exotic exercise," destined to "have no effect at all because it seems too unnecessary," is in fact not an exotic exercise, and may well have far-reaching effects precisely because it is necessary.

The formation of this party and others like it is a direct result of the nomination of Mr. Ford, whom many like myself find themselves unable to support. The effect of these parties may be to deny the Republicans the White House in November; such parties are necessary because the Republican leadership has ignored the clearly expressed wish of the people, and thus no longer deserves support. The same thing happened to the Democrats in 1972: now it is the Republicans' turn.

I voted for Mr. Nixon in 1972 with great reluctance because I was afraid of Mr. McGovern. In the light of subsequent events, I see the fallacy in this line of reasoning, and have abandoned the policy of voting for one man out of fear of another. You may be sure I studied Mr. Kilpatrick's option list for "inconsolable Reagan supporters" carefully. I do not exaggerate when I say that I would exercise any option on that list, including voting for Mr. Carter, before I would vote for Mr. Ford.

It may be that Mr. Ford will win this

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first two issues in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1976.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept. NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label, or facsimile.

RATES: *$31.50 a year ($17.50 for the 48-page issues, and $14.00 for 8-page issue published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $2.00 for Canada, $3.00 for other foreign subscriptions.*
The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE

university

The University Bookman is a quarterly edited by Russell Kirk. Each issue is devoted to the restoration and improvement of the standards of higher education in America. Most of the articles for this quarterly concentrate on two topics: the reviewing of university and college textbooks; and the sensible criticism of educational theory and practice today. Every **National Review** subscriber, living in the U.S.A., gets **The University Bookman** free. Others may subscribe at $2.00 a year. Subscriptions and editorial correspondence should be sent to:

bookman

The University Bookman, P. O. Box 3070, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can your man friday do a lettering job like this in 60 seconds?

Slick as a professional — even Johnny Althumbs can turn out a handsome ten-letter sign in less than a minute. Quik-Align® is another of those beautiful concepts that have made W. H. Brady Co. *the Identification People*. Self-sticking vinyl letters and numbers, on peel-away cards... notched to automatically align legends so they're letter perfect. And so tough they take even factory-floor punishment.

But Quik-Align isn't half of it. As the nation's leading manufacturer of identification systems, we offer a choice of more than *ten-thousand self-sticking numbers and letters* — including phosphorescent and reflective styles. Low in cost, easy to apply; ready to save the expense of hiring professional sign painters. Write "Numbers & Letters" W. H. Brady Co., 2223 West Camden Road, Milwaukee, WI 53201.

the identification people

BRADY®

W. H. BRADY CO • EST. 1914
IDENTIFICATION SYSTEMS DIVISION

MAINTENANCE & SAFETY SIGNS • PIPE MARKERS • STORAGE & BIN MARKERS • LABELS • TAPES • AISLE MARKERS • WARNING STRIPES • DISTRIBUTORS WORLDWIDE

72-3R2

election, but if so it will be without any help from me.

Memphis, Tenn. WILLIAM H. WINGO

The Available Weapons

Mr. James Burnham made some most perceptive, accurate, and pointed comments concerning "Nostalgia and Weapons" in his August 20 "Protracted Conflict." He no doubt realizes why our General Staff (the term he uses as a short-handle for those who run our military establishment) restricts itself "to the old familiar dinosaurs and mastodons." Its boundaries are set by our Constitution, which prevents it from entering the political fields, in which we are losing out in international conflict.

The military must research, develop, and, hopefully, perfect those tools of war which would give us at least an even chance to cope with enemy armed forces; this done with whatever funding Congress provides. So "dinosaurs," "mastodons," and advanced electronics are what our law provides to the military General Staff, and its tools of war have never yet been defeated on the field of battle—only on the political battlefield, yes, including Korea, Bataan, and of course Vietnam.

Meanwhile, we futilely hope for some form of counter-offensive on the part of our civilian commanders. Must we remain "too much the gentlemen to read other people's mail," as one civilian official once put it?

COLONEL D. M. KING [RET.]

West Palm Beach, Fla.

Mr. Burnham misses the essential elements of the program, of which the hardware itself is the least important part.

1. The function of the tank is to provide soldiers with defense and mobility, coupled with the ability to deny the enemy access to territory. Anti-tank weaponry, aircraft, missiles, etc., cannot do that job —nor, for that matter, can tanks alone. But given the present threat in Eastern Europe, they cannot be dispensed with, either.

2. The function of our defense establishment is not merely to build or buy weapons. Consider: World War II was won by at least two weapons that were not in existence when the war started. I refer to the atom bomb and the proximity fuse. The Yom Kippur War was nearly lost, and at the end barely retrieved, by weaponry never before stocked by the combatants. I refer to a new Russian SAM for the Egyptians, and new and sophisticated American ASMs for the Israelis. Our defense establishment exists to provide *capability in being* to respond to new technological threats promptly and effectively.

3. The program of new tank development that Mr. Burnham deplores is the only way I know of to a) develop an essential and competitive industrial base (GM and Chrysler of course—or would you prefer VW?) for b) new weaponry

(Continues on page 1099)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To a few men in each generation is offered the gift of clear fiscal wisdom. One of these men is C. V. Myers, editor of the respected financial advisory, *Myers' Finance & Energy.*

Now his acumen is lavished on a book that may well become the economic life-preserver of the next ten years: *The Coming Deflation.*

Mr. Myers has read the signs. He sees the current era of inflation coming to an end . . . with a bang. What will happen to business? Savings? Investments? The social fabric? And what can the individual do to protect himself and his family when the banks are shuttered and hungry mobs roam the streets?

For those alert to forthcoming events and prepared for any eventuality – there is hope. Even profit. But Mr. Myers realizes that even a well armed man in a strange land can die if he doesn't know how to find food and water. So he equips the reader for survival—by first teaching him the truth about the economics of our crisis.

No arcane language here. No weird theories. This is a battle-hardened veteran talking to rookies, giving them the benefit of his experience, showing them how to use the tools they need to survive.

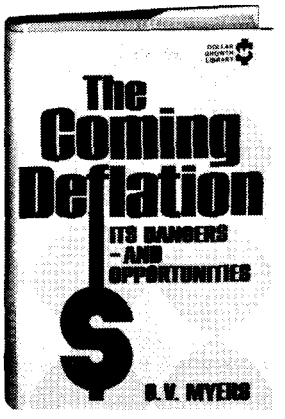
The objectives are security and peace of mind, but the terrain—though outwardly peaceful – is mined with booby traps. Mr. Myers guides the reader past each one: the gold-exchange standard, special drawing rights, multinational inflation, the Federal Reserve, the manic behavior of the stock market.

Here too are the six crises we face, in the next few years: the monetary crisis . . . the currency debacle . . . the energy outage . . . stock and bond massacres . . . labor disruptions . . . food shortages.

What can you do about it? "Recognize that you can do nothing more than look after yourself and yours." No namby-pamby suggestions here. The advice is rough and tough, often unsettling to those used to The Good Life. What to do with your cash. What to do with your investments. What skills and crafts you must develop.

When push comes to shove, and shove becomes crunch, some will still sit back and hope for the best. They could starve. The Seventh Cavalry will not rescue them. Others—the fortunate readers of *The Coming Deflation* – should survive. They may even prosper.

SAVE $8.95



WHICH IS IT GOING TO BE, MORE INFLATION —OR A DEVASTATING DEFLATION?

One maverick delivers a sobering answer.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB
165 Huguenot St., New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801

Please send FREE **The Coming Deflation: Its Dangers—and Opportunities** by C. V. Myers and accept my membership in the Conservative Book Club—the only book club expressly for political conservatives. I agree to buy 3 books from among the more than 150 to be offered in the next 15 months, after which I may resign at any time. I will be offered books on politics, investing, social issues, religion, economics, conservative ideas, Communism, history, etc. Membership entitles me to a free subscription to the Club Bulletin, which brims with news of interest to conservatives. I am eligible to buy Club books at discounts of 20% to 94% plus shipping. If I want the monthly Selection I do nothing; it will come automatically about one month later. If I don't want the Selection, or I prefer one of the Alternates, I merely inform you on the handy form always provided. I'll be offered a new Selection every 24 days—15 per year. NR-597

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE ZIP

☐ I don't care to join the Club but I enclose $8.95. Please send **The Coming Deflation: Its Dangers—and Opportunities** postpaid. 30-day return privilege.

The outlook: grim. But there are opportunities for the sagacious

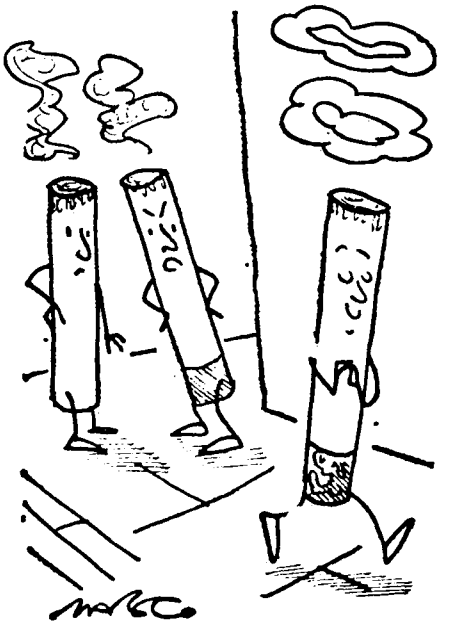
- Stocks to stay away from
- Why Arthur Burns is finding it hard to make more money
- How to prepare your home, your family against rising violence and crime
- Why the dreaded bust cannot be avoided
- What the public mind can do to money
- One baneful result of the gold-exchange standard
- Five reasons why silver should zoom
- Self-sufficiency measures to take in your own home right now
- The U.S.A.—the richest country, and the poorest
- Steeling ourselves for a lowered standard of living
- The only way to stabilize money
- Will the Arabs really detonate their oil fields?
- Whose gold coins should you own?
- Short-term Treasury bills: do they make good sense?
- Oil expert Myers sees a lot of dry wells in your future
- The New York City analogy: who will bail out the U.S.A.?
- The lopsided silver-gold ratio
- The crazy currency crisis: how will it be resolved?
- The long-haul picture for South African gold stocks
- Two grim scenarios for dealing with the Arabs. One pleasant – but unlikely—choice
- The mysterious Federal Reserve
- The real cause of the energy crisis
- Two peas in the pod: Kublai Khan and the U.S.A.
- Is there enough gold in the world to make a gold standard work?
- Lord Keynes on eventual repayment of the public debt
- What if de Gaulle's plan for a solid money base had worked?
- How multinational inflation robs you
- Alternative energy sources – can we find them in time?
- What you should do about your mortgages
- What you should transfer your assets into – now, while there's still time
- Forecast: the destruction of our civilization—unless . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ As they see it today: **Kevin Phillips**, who was saying two weeks ago that **Ford** had a 1-in-5 chance of pulling it out against **Carter**, now gives him 3-in-10. . . . **Evans & Novak** call it even closer, making Carter a 3-to-2 favorite. In their new state-by-state breakdown, they now put three big ones—California, Pennsylvania, New York—in the "leaning to" rather than in the "probably for" Carter category. . . . A late August **Harris** poll (published Sept. 15) shows another slippage in Carter appeal; voters who viewed him as "the kind of new, fresh face that is needed in the White House" slipped to 52 per cent from 68 per cent a month earlier. . . . The **Republican Policy Committee**, having pored over the Democratic platform for six weeks, now accuses Carter of being "cynical and deceptive" in promising the voters new federal programs that would cost an additional $700 billion in federal outlays by 1980. . . . Former bank robber and newborn author **Willie Sutton** doesn't think much of Republicans ("they don't know what problems the people have"), but he thinks even less of Democrat Jimmy Carter ("I've never seen a bigger confidence man in my life, and I've been around some of the best in the business," he told the *Village Voice*).

■ About that *Playboy* interview. Assistant Carter campaign director **Joseph Duffey** (ex-ADA chairman, non-practicing Congregationalist minister) said, when pressed: "I don't see that it's terribly damaging." When Carter spokesman **Jody Powell** says he doesn't think the interview will hurt, comments columnist **William Raspberry**, "he's whistling past the graveyard." . . . Senate Minority Whip **Robert Byrd** thinks Carter never should have accorded *Playboy* an interview in the first place; Sen. **Fritz Hollings** (D., S.C.) hopes that when Carter becomes President "he quits talking about adultery." . . . Not



Maroc, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"I hate his 'I've got a lower tar level than thou' attitude."

helping much was explanation Carter gave reporters on his whistle stop tour about the *Playboy* interview. He hadn't, he explained, yet read it: "I looked at the other parts [of the magazine] first," according to **Frank Van Riper** of the *New York Daily News*. . . . One of the two Carter interviewers, by the way, was **Robert Scheer**, a former *Ramparts* editor. . . . Going the unkindly Washington rounds, the new armorial insignia for Carter, a golden screw on a field of white.

■ In other races: Despite recent endorsement by **United Mine Workers**, Republican Rep. **John Heinz** is running well behind Democratic Rep. **Bill Green** in their race for Republican Senator **Hugh Scott**'s seat. (The same poll incidentally shows Carter and Ford running neck and neck in Pennsylvania, indicating that Carter is not getting all of the Democratic vote.) . . . In Arizona, the Republicans stand to lose another Senate seat (**Paul Fannin** is retiring) to Democrat **Dennis DeConcini**. Reason: the bitter Republican primary fight between Reps. **Sam Steiger** (the winner) and **John Conlan** that left party fractured. . . . In Massachusetts, happy tidings. Republican congressional candidate **Arthur Mason** is given good chance of bumping Father **Robert Drinan**, the left-liberal Jesuit congressman. . . . In New York, the **Liberal Party** will probably end up endorsing **Daniel Patrick Moynihan** for the Senate although party boss **Alex Rose** would prefer former Mayor **John Lindsay**. Rose frowned on suggestions that the Liberals give their nod to Moynihan's defeated rival **Bella Abzug**, which **Gloria Steinem** would like to see because "a race between **Buckley** and Abzug would be perfect—evil against good." . . . Buckley, incidentally, won the endorsement of the black *Amsterdam News* in his primary race against **Peter Peyser** for "having taken a strong stand for a greater economic development of the black community." . . . Young volunteers have flooded Buckley headquarters in New York City since the primary; more can be accommodated, say Buckley staffers. . . . The **Communist Party U.S.A.** was so distressed by Moynihan win ("his campaign was based on catering to negative attitudes and prejudices" and backed by "party bosses, cold warriors, zionists . . . and social democrats") that it has named a senatorial candidate of its own, Party theoretician **Herbert Aptheker**. . . . In New Jersey, *NR* contributor **Charles Wiley**, now running for Congress in the 15th CD, will be guest of honor of N.J. Conservative Union on October 1.

■ From the Folks that gave us Big Government: The smallest voter turnout of the primary season was in **Washington, D.C.** where only 13 per cent of the eligibles managed to get to the polls.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Original One and Only
Fruit-of-the-Month Club®
from 'way out in Oregon

Christmas	January	February
Royal Riviera® Pears	Crisp Mountain Apples	Royal Grapefruit
March	**April**	**May**
Royal Oranges	Hawaiian Pineapples	Wild 'n Rare® Preserves
June	**July**	**August**
Home-Canned Fruit	Giant Kiwi Berries	Exotic Nectarines
September	**October**	**November**
Oregold® Peaches	Alphonse LaValle Grapes	Royal Beurre® Bosc Pears

A dozen dazzling gifts — all year

You never SAW 'em so big or TASTED 'em so good. Only 1 person in 1000 ever gets such impressive, exciting gifts. You'll get thanks and praise all year from the lucky folks you name.

3-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 111 . . . $24.95 delv'd
Surprise 'em with gorgeous Gift Boxes for Christmas, January and February!

5-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 141 . . . $39.95 delv'd
Keeps coming and coming! Christmas, January, February, May and September.

8-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 151 . . . $66.95 delv'd
Delight 'em to pieces, again and again — Christmas, Jan., Feb., May, Aug., Sept., Oct., and November.

12-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 201 . . . $99.95 delv'd
A Gift Box every month, all year around!

EASY TO ORDER: Send list of names plus check or money order. (No C.O.D.'s) Tell us how to sign greetings. Everything's beautifully packaged.

Our famous
ROYAL RIVIERA® PEARS

So juicy they'll eat 'em with a spoon! Handsome gifts you'll never hear the last of! Beautifully gift boxed. Available from Nov. 10 to Jan. 25.

Gift No. 1 (10-14 huge pears) . . . . . $9.45 delv'd
Gift No. 3 (23-25 smaller pears) . . . $11.45 delv'd
Gift No. 5 (8-9 gigantic pears) . . . . $11.95 delv'd

©1976 Harry and David

Send your orders to:

Harry and David®
Box 623-D Medford, Oregon 97501

WE GUARANTEE COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

LETTERS

(Continued from page 1096)

of whatever nature desired, c) in times short compared to those necessary for building an industry from scratch—eight to ten years, say—and d) providing enough hardware to train soldiers in its use.
Gainesville, Fla. DAVID T. WILLIAMS

The 1973 Mideast War did not sound the death knell of the tank as a weapon. What it did sound was the death knell of tanks (or infantry or aircraft) operating alone. The well-proven lesson of combined arms tactics was relearned by the worlds' armies during that war and is being employed today in training exercises. The tank is the best tank killer and, more importantly, is the only ground vehicle capable of employing heavy firepower, armor, and mobility against the enemy. To delete tanks from our arsenal would be to remove a very effective *offensive* force from our defenses. To rely solely on defensive weapons and tactics might unilaterally give the Communist aggressors the complete initiative.

The Soviets are increasing their arsenal of tanks, long-range bombers, and aircraft carriers, not decreasing them.
Bronx, N.Y. ALBERT J. GOLLY JR.

I have been a reader of NATIONAL REVIEW for several years. I have never previously had a serious quarrel with anything *NR* and its contributors have said, but I am afraid Mr. James Burnham has finally aroused me from my protracted euphoria. In his frustrating column entitled "Nostalgia and Weapons," he shows little of the knowledge and ability to use logic that I know he has. The many liberal readers of NATIONAL REVIEW have the opportunity to gain ground in any argument against defense appropriations, citing the agreement to their position by Mr. Burnham. . . .

[Captain Housman's letter continues with an able statement—unfortunately beyond the limits of *NR*'s available space—of the official arguments for the new Main Battle Tank, the B-1 bomber, and the large nuclear-powered carrier.]

. . . Mr. Burnham obviously needs a short course in Triad. Triad is a concept which states that we need three weapons types to ensure a credible deterrence. The three weapons types are manned bombers, ballistic missile submarines, and ICBMs. The continual development of these three weapons systems severely complicates the defense planning of an enemy. He must spend more on his defenses to make sure none of the systems has too easy a time getting through. If he makes a technological breakthrough of some sort in one area it may make one of the systems less effective, but the other two systems will ensure that we still have a credible retaliatory capability.

(Continues on page 1139)

From the shores of Gitche-gumee . . .

MINNEHAHA WILD RICE

Longfellow's legend of Hiawatha and Minnehaha is a poetic classic of the Sioux and Chippewa. Long before Longfellow, these Indians had found wild rice, *mahnomonee,* and made it the basic vegetable in their diet.

Minnehaha's people considered wild rice a perfect food: highly nutritious and richly delicious. They were right: 100% natural wild rice has five times the iron of white rice, twice the potassium and protein, and ten times the vitamins B-1 and B-2.

Once, wild rice grew from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay, from the Atlantic to the Rockies. Today, it grows only along the Minnesota-Canada border.

Minnehaha Wild Rice is the finest quality of this rarest of grains. Enjoy it with fowl and game, fish and beef . . . the perfect touch at any meal.

We have held the price of our wild rice for three years: $5.90 per pound, in five-pound shipments, *postpaid.*

Each pound is poly-sealed and placed in its own distinctive muslin bag, with our recipe brochure.

So fine a food makes a grand gift. Free gift card and mailing—attach signature instructions and address list to your order.

MINNEHAHA WILD RICE, INC. **NR—1**
WCCO Radio Building—Suite 420
Minneapolis, Minn. 55402
Please send, postage paid:
_____Five 1-lb. bags @ $29.50 shipment $_____
(Singly boxed pounds, add $1 per shipment)
_____One-four lb. shipments @ $6.85 lb. $_____
My check is enclosed for total: $_____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
(Remember, enclose gift mailing instructions)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ Well, maybe he's weathered *this* one. But wait for the *Hustler* interview.

■ A few days before New York's April 6 presidential primary, candidate Carter berated attempts to keep names off the New York ballot as "a horrible example of gross political bossism." On September 20, lawyers for the New York Democratic machine, under orders from the Democratic National Committee, initiated proceedings to keep Eugene McCarthy's name off the New York ballot in November. McCarthy, pollsters say, could get as much as 7 per cent of the New York vote. Carter, the pollsters also say leads Ford by only 4 per cent in New York. Hence the need for a *salutary* example of gross political bossism.

■ The U.S. Court of Appeals, Sixth Circuit, has ruled that school officials may not remove from school libraries those books they disapprove of. "A library is a storehouse of knowledge," said the unanimous court. "When created for a public school, it is an important privilege created by the state for the benefit of the students in the school. That privilege is not subject to being withdrawn by succeeding school boards whose members might desire to winnow the library for books the content of which occasioned their displeasure or disapproval." Add some judicial blah-blah about the First Amendment, and you have the court's position, which seems to reduce to the proposition that a bad law is *ipso facto* unconstitutional. Now for a Congress that would crack down on a court which, authorized to interpret the Constitution, proceeds instead to winnow the statute books for measures that occasion its displeasure or disapproval.

■ A Carter advisor, Professor Jerome Alan Cohen of the Harvard Law School, has written an article entitled "A China Policy for the Next Administration" in *Foreign Affairs*. Columnist William Safire warns that it may foreshadow the Carter Administration's policy in the same way a little-noticed article in the same magazine, years ago, foreshadowed the policy of its author, Richard Nixon. Mr. Cohen's advice: dump Taiwan—gently, gently—and "make it clear to Peking that [we] will not sacrifice detente with the USSR." I.e., we will not exploit the rift between the two Communist monster powers.

■ Newest critic of the Supreme Court's abortion rulings: Archibald Cox, former Watergate Special Prosecutor. In his book *The Role of the Supreme Court in American Government*, he argues that the Court, in *Roe* v. *Wade*, "failed to establish the legitimacy of the decision by not articulating a precept of sufficient abstractness to lift the ruling above the level of a political judgment based upon the evidence currently available from the medical, physical, and social sciences. . . . The failure to confront the issue in principled terms leaves the opinion to read like a set of hospital rules and regulations, whose validity is good enough this week but will be destroyed with new statistics upon the medical risks of childbirth and abortion or new advances in providing for the separate existence of a fetus. Neither historian, layman, nor lawyer will be persuaded that all the details prescribed in *Roe* v. *Wade* are part of either natural law or the Constitution."

■ Elementary Logic, Conclusion-Drawing Division: Representative Ed Koch (D., N.Y.) thought, in this election year, to have a bunch of Carter/Mondale/Koch campaign buttons made up. But being a scrupulous man, he submitted a sample button to the Federal Election Commission. And lo! the FEC began a weeks-long debate over whether the buttons constituted a contribution by Koch to the presidential campaign, forbidden by the 1974 Federal Election Campaign Practices Act. (It finally decided in Koch's favor, but since it could think of no legal reason to do so, it omitted to make a formal ruling.) Koch called the fuss "ridiculous" and was thinking of changing his legal name to "Carter Mondale Koch, for this year only." Earnest civil libertarians raised the question of free speech. Tacticians said there would have been no problem if Koch hadn't been so punctilious. In fact the root problem is (choose one of the following): 1. Thoughtlessness—"a complex law that Congress did not think through thoroughly" (*New York Times*). 2. Surrealism—"the Congress rewrote the campaign rules without thinking enough about political realities" (*Washington Post*). 3. Hubris—any federal law attempting to regulate all the interwoven campaigns at presidential, senatorial, and representative levels was as doomed to triviality and confusion as the Medicaid law was doomed to abuse (NATIONAL REVIEW).

■ Last Monday, Averell Harriman offered Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev a Berlitz-style course in American campaign politics—all you need to know in a few easy lessons. Harriman was in Moscow on a purportedly private visit but deemed it his duty to explain the anti-Soviet rhetoric that has surfaced in the election campaign. However, like most crash courses, this one could only have left the student more confused than ever. As Harriman instructed Brezhnev, "Campaigns are meant to attract the American voter and less thought is given to reaction abroad," and "everything that [is] said (in the heat of the race) [is] of no importance." What's This? One of Jimmy Carter's own foreign policy advisors admitting that Carter doesn't mean what he says, and that he's really saying nothing at all?

■ The natives are restless; that is the message rumbling from Poland. Communist authorities are so worried that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Much of the news in Washington recently has been made by the news business. Daniel Schorr refused to tell the House Ethics Committee who had slipped him a copy of the final report of the House Select Committee on Intelligence, thereby risking a contempt citation and a jail sentence. No one here took it seriously, however. "Fat chance," said one Hill staffer. "These guys would just as soon get a sex change operation as vote to send a national newsman to jail during an election year." Nevertheless, the Schorr flap provided representatives of the news industry an opportunity to deliver some ringing statements on the people's right to know, a right that went totally unmentioned a few days later when the networks threatened to boycott the presidential debates if they were not allowed to dwell on faces in the audience. Such closeups have become a conventional means of less than subtle editorializing, and the candidates are leery of them—imagine, for instance, the potential effect of a close-up of a starry-eyed black gazing in rapture at Jimmy Carter as he talks about loving minorities, or the same face, its expression cynical or contemptuous as Ford talks about what he has done for blacks. That, of course, is precisely the way in which television has come to be used, and the concern of the candidates is understandable. "They've been talking for half the week about the 'people's right to know,' " says one Ford campaign worker. "But they're ready to abridge that right immediately if they can't have it all their way. Jerry Ford believes the people have a right to know too. But he thinks they have a right to know what he and Carter are saying on the issues. I don't think the Constitution will stretch to cover trick camera work."

■ The consensus among newsmen here prior to the first debate was that this presidential campaign is the dullest they've covered. And if that's the way they report it, that's the way the rest of us see it. Each of the candidates contributes to this media *ennui*. Ford's approach—staying in the White House and providing the press with those "photo opportunities" at which he signs some trivial piece of legislation with great ceremonial flourishes—causes increasing grumbling among national reporters. The strategy has begun to backfire, and a number of disgruntled reporters are talking about boycotting these "opportunities."

■ Carter also has a media problem. For one thing there is that widely discussed fuzziness, which becomes more apparent as national coverage widens. "Carter's campaign," says one Washington correspondent, "is a rerun of his primary campaign—high on visibility, low on disclosure." The problem here for reporters is an obvious one. Because of Carter's quick shifts, they find it extremely difficult to describe his positions. And the problem for Carter is equally obvious: if reporters can't get coherent and consistent statements from him on what they view as the issues, they will write about his lack of coherence and his inconsistency. Compounding the problem is Carter's tendency to discuss positions in terms which simply don't lend themselves to conventional political analysis and commentary. Says one political writer: "What in the world do you do with a candidate who casually introduces a phrase like 'sexual intercourse' into his comments on abortion? Or with his statement that he supports Israel because its existence fulfills Biblical prophecy? How do you write about that?"

■ The candidate with the fewest problems is generally considered to be Walter Mondale, primarily because his campaign seems to drop out of sight for several days at a stretch. The Carter camp is careful to let him appear only at forums where his extreme liberalism is no liability, thus ensuring uniformly warm receptions. And because Mondale's campaign is well-financed and moves at a leisurely pace, the reporters traveling with him remain reasonably content.

The opposite is true of the Dole campaign. Because of hasty, uncoordinated, and overloaded scheduling, much of which is laid on with little advance notice, reporters frequently don't know where they'll be from day to day. Adding to the problem is a speech and press operation forced to run too close to the schedule. It is often unable to come up with advance texts of Dole's remarks, which makes filing stories difficult if not impossible for many reporters. Dole is also being kept on a short budgetary string by the Ford campaign committee. On most campaign swings he is required to return to Washington each night, rather than run up expenses by spending the night near the next day's events, as is the campaign custom. This means that reporters traveling with Dole frequently get back to Washington in the wee hours and take off again early on the same morning, something which, given a heavy campaign schedule, inevitably frays tempers and leads to negative copy.

—CATO

---

they have declared a political ceasefire with the Catholic Church while the usually antagonistic Church is so worried that it has accepted, entreating the country to heed the government. The problem is economic, with a twist. When Edward Gierek took over the Communist Party in 1970, he instituted a crash development policy to improve the national economic base and raise the standard of living. The program partly succeeded, at the cost of a huge national debt; the workers are now well-paid but (and here's the rub) there is nothing to buy. And they doubt that Prosperity Lies Just around the Corner of an austerity push, as the government claims. If the Party opts for a more repressive policy (thus indirectly condemning the popular Gierek) the notoriously "impetuous" Poles could opt for another rebellion.

■ TERMINOLOGICAL WARFARE: What was once Northern Rhodesia is now Zambia; Nyasaland is Malawi. It won't be long before South West Africa becomes Namibia. What Ian Smith doesn't want is for Rhodesia to become Zimbabwe. We've just spotted the next one down the line. It's Azania, what the black liberationists are now calling South Africa, without even a nod to Evelyn Waugh's *Black Mischief*.

■ Thanks primarily to a boost in copper prices, Chilean leaders expect a balance of payments surplus of $240 million this year. The 1976 rate of inflation is expected

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be around 180 per cent. While the Swiss might consider this a little alarming, Chile's 1975 inflation batted a hefty 380. Wages are slightly higher and unemployment seems to be dipping. All in all, things seem to be getting less rotten in Chile.

■ Not much hard news comes out of the "People's Republic of Angola" these days, but Western analysts have managed to put together enough smuggled information to suggest that the MPLA's control of the situation is far from full. These reports indicate that the Cubans are still in Angola in force and that they are being used to guard the cities and the important Benguela railway from the now-regrouped insurgent forces of FNLA and Unita rather than being used, as reported, to help rebuild the shattered Angolan economy. There are some stories too of dissension between the Cubans and their hosts, together with indications that the Cubans are reluctant to leave the relative comforts of the cities to battle the insurgent guerrillas in remoter areas of the country.

■ An American factory worker labors 17 hours to feed a family of four; a British worker, 28 hours; a Russian, 64 hours. To buy a bar of soap, five minutes, ten minutes, and 72 minutes, respectively; to buy a color TV, four weeks, 5.5 weeks, and 19.5 weeks. The concrete differences for the worker in the three economies is laid out in a colorful chart by the National Federation of Independent Businesses, which uses this and other such means to spread the word about free enterprise. For more information, write to the NFIB at 150 West 20th Avenue, San Mateo, California 94403. (Did you know the average Russian takes home $1.10 per hour?)

■ "Then I saw Ford, the unquestioning soldier and servant of the Nixon White House."—John Dean, former us&s, NWH, maximizing his celebrity by covering the GOP convention for *Rolling Stone*. Dean's own story will be told in the forthcoming book, *Profiles in Chutzpah*.

■ Columnist Tom Braden recalls that his wife had a crack at a legal, if shady, abortion back in the Dark Ages before the Court spake: which, however, she declined. "But suppose she hadn't wanted the baby," says Papa Braden. "Whose business was that besides hers and the doctors?" Ask Baby Braden.

■ Vladimir Sokolov-Samarin has taught in the Department of Slavic Languages at Yale for 17 years and by all accounts has been an effective and professionally competent teacher. Last summer, however, it came to light that during World War II—more than thirty years ago—Sokolov-Samarin, then living in the Nazi-occupied Soviet city of Oriel, had been a collaborator. He had written anti-Communist and antisemitic editorials for a newspaper called *Rech*. Sokolov-Samarin claims that he was and is an anti-Communist, hence his cooperation, under those circumstances, with the Nazis; but that the antisemitic content was imposed by the German officials. He now describes himself as a Zionist. He is also, however, now formerly of Yale, since he has resigned under pressure from other members of his department. "We don't feel," said one professor, that "the department should be attacked for harboring an ex-Fascist and an antisemite." The case of Sokolov-Samarin, on the contrary, represents exactly the sort of matter on which an academic department of a reputable university ought to protect the individual scholar. For some offenses, however, there clearly exists neither amnesty nor statute of limitations. Neither the ACLU nor the American Association of University Professors has been heard from on this case.

■ Taking advantage of an extraordinary quirk in Massachusetts law that allows its citizens to propose legislation, Mrs. Rita Warren exercised her civic option and proposed a moment of silent prayer in Massachusetts schools, every day. The legislators passed Mrs. Warren's proposal and thus obliged a surprised Massachusetts Education Commissioner Gregory Anrig to send word to the state's four hundred school districts to begin holding meditation periods. By no means satisfied, Mrs. Warren promises to continue agitating "until every state in America has the right to pray in public schools." Anticipating a showdown with the unholy rollers of the ACLU, Mrs. Warren founded, three weeks ago, the Christian Civil Liberties Union.

■ The quotable Mr. Carter (during a walking tour of Philadelphia): "Abortion is evidence of a failure to prevent pregnancy."

■ A few months ago the City of New York dipped another toe in the pool of moral decadence, found it comfortable, and legalized pinball machines—all properly licensed and taxed, of course. So far seventy applications for pinball licenses have been received. And about 10,000 pinball machines, most not properly licensed and taxed, seem to be in operation. Commissioner of Consumer Affairs Elinor C. Guggenheimer complains that pinball regulation "is a flop" and City Councilman Angelo Arculeo states that "it is my intention to call a halt to the flagrant abuses already in evidence in the short time the pinball machines have been legalized. All the city is getting out of the present law is a lot of complaints, a lot of headaches, and no revenue to speak of." Shocking. If you like pinball, better buy your own machine.

■ Whereas one thousand HEW personnel assigned to draft regulatory provisions appear unable to expeditiously implement their linguistic normalization function, Secretary David Mathews has ordered them to take a course in plain English prose.

■ The Feudal Trade Commission continues its war against monopolists, this time ReaLemon reconstituted lemon juice. ReaLemon, made by Borden, commands some "75 per cent to 90 per cent" (FTC isn't sure) of the market, and when you stop to think how important processed lemon juice is to our vital national interests, you'll agree with the FTC that swift and stern action is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATTENTION!

Here's your last chance this year to give National Review to some student you know and care about !

If you have student friends (or are a parent or relative of a student) we hope you will not miss this final opportunity to make sure the students *you* care about have *National Review* this year.

In today's liberal-dominated campus environment the conservative viewpoint doesn't get much of a hearing. That's why it is doubly important to have NR handy. It's one source you can count on for the "other side" of the story so necessary for a balanced view—the reliable information essential to handle the inevitable discussions about *all* of today's vital issues.

Special Free Offer

And there is no better time than right now to give some student you know a subscription to *National Review*. If you do it now he'll also get, as a bonus, a FREE copy of NR's new Reading List, an invaluable aid to any student and an antidote to the unfortunate "Bicentennial Reading List" published by the American Library Association. NR's big list sells for $1.00 and contains almost 300 listings, along with thumb-nail descriptions of the most important books. It's a *must* for every serious student.

Any student is eligible to receive NR for the entire academic year at the special student rate of $8.95. Parents and friends can give subscriptions at the same low rate. (If you don't know students who need NR, we do! We have a waiting list of students who cannot afford it. Why not make it possible for one of them to receive this vital publication? We will send a handsome gift card in your name.)

Act Now!

So don't pass up this wonderful opportunity to give *National Review* to the student(s) of your choice for the full academic year for only $8.95. That's just about 28¢ a week, a small price indeed for some of the best journalism in America. But do act now to insure receiving every issue *plus NR's own Reading List as a free bonus!* Use the card facing this page to get that student of yours off on the right foot, *today*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

necessary to restore competition. Accordingly, an FTC administrative law judge has handed down a 170-page opinion accusing Borden of "market practices" and "discriminatory pricing" (low prices)—didn't we tell you ReaLemon is a menace?—and mainly concluding that the ReaLemon name is the real hindrance to market entry by competitors, for which reason he ruled that Borden must abandon its trademark rights and license ReaLemon to any competitor who wants to make it. It is the first time a company has ever been ordered to license its trademark. Trademarks are of course valuable property, and extremely useful to consumers who come to expect certain quality from certain brands. If the ruling stands, we are going into business as Saks Fifth Avenue.

■ A House of Representatives government operations subcommittee is considering the establishment of minimum national waste disposal standards, and just in time.

■ Why not a debate between Carter in New York and Carter in Alabama?

Carter Watch

The Carter campaign almost certainly will see brighter days. Things could pick up as soon as Gerald Ford leaves the Oval Office and begins to campaign actively. The present phase for Carter, however, has been, in Robert Lowell's phrase, skunk hour.

Carter's astonishing *Playboy* interview represents a kind of synecdoche. In its substance—were one to paraphrase it, for example—the interview contains nothing very startling. It does, however, represent a violation of mode. Prospective world statesmen are not supposed to bat out expressions such as "one guy screws a whole bunch of women," "shacks up," etc. This stylistic lapse, moreover, points to something that seems to be disturbingly characteristic of Carter. Notice that the lapse came in an interview with, specifically, *Playboy*. Carter, the Baptist deacon, obviously was straining to please *this* particular audience, at least as he conceived it. That sense of strain shows through the whole interview. It is analogous to Carter's statement, before a Jewish audience, that he believes the state of Israel to represent the fulfillment of Scriptural prophecy. We thus see something important about Carter's famous "shifts" and "contradictions." What Carter says and how he says it depend, far beyond even the flexible norms of political discourse, upon the audience he is addressing.

The *Playboy* interview had one redeeming aspect. It stimulated columnist Mary McGrory to emit a witticism. Carter, she wrote, had granted "blanket amnesty" to adulterers. James Reston, however, who now seems to file his commentary from cloud-capped Olympus, was in no mood for drollery: "To discuss adultery and sin with such experts on these subjects as the editors of *Playboy* reduces political candor to the level of poor judgment." Harrumph.

Other signs of strain surfaced in the Carter operation. His return, again and again, to the abortion issue—surely counterproductive for him—suggests an inner compulsion to prove himself right, to force his critics to *admit* that he is right. Of course, they never will, and a reasonable person would know that. Carter does not seem to be able to let the thing alone, to cut his losses. In addition, just why Carter thought it desirable to jump into the mini-tempest around FBI Director Clarence Kelley remains mysterious; and not only did Carter get involved in it, he managed to take contradictory positions on firing Kelley and capped it all off with a slurring reference to Kelley's coming marriage. Though he is so far alone in the ring, this boxer has been pummeling himself on the ropes.

Tactically, the Carter organization seems, at least temporarily, to have lost the sure touch it exhibited throughout the primaries. Thus, Carter no doubt had to court Chicago's Mayor Daley, but by embracing Daley so ostentatiously Carter may have linked his own fortunes in Illinois to the disastrous gubernatorial bid of Daley's man Mike Howlett, a machine pol of the ancient sort, who is going to be clobbered in November.

When you're hot, you're hot, and Carter in the opinion of many has allowed himself to be photographed too often wearing funny tee-shirts or eating chicken legs.

The West's Long March

Two days after Mao Tse-tung died, the significance of his passing for the West became evident, not in anything that happened in China, but in the eulogies of the West's leading voices. Gerald Ford called him "a very great man." Henry Kissinger placed him among "the titans of the age," Valéry Giscard d'Estaing called him "a beacon of world thought." Olof Palme termed him "one of the greatest leaders ever known." Kurt Waldheim spoke of his "untiring search for the achievement of better international understanding and world peace."

From heads of state one expects tactful lies. These were overdoing it. And the free press was not far behind. "Mao Tse-tung's place in history is assured," said the *New York Times*, for the wrong reasons. The *New York Post* made him sound Whitmanesque: "He could be merciful and also ruthless, magnanimous and unforgiving, artful and artless. His policies at times were bloody. They were frequently humane and generous." He was large; he contained multitudes, 800 million to be exact. The *Washington Post* lauded his "formidable" economic achievements, and his "determination to end the traditional misery of his people."

All these statesmen and editorialists know what the public knows: that Mao Tse-tung was a tyrant who did indeed drag his country into the twentieth century, the century whose articulated fanaticisms dispensed with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trials, found even the gallows too creakily antique for their purposes, and shot their enemies like diseased cattle, in the millions. None of these eulogists thought it worth mentioning that he had reduced a nation rich in traditions to a condition of cultural imbecility, in which the only freedom of expression he permitted his countrymen was the freedom to grovel en masse before his huge image; or that he had deprived them of every other liberty imaginable, including the liberty to swim to Hong Kong. He was maniacal in himself, and the cause that mania was in others: perhaps the best comment on Mao's achievement is a book of readings from the official Chinese press, *The "Miracles" of Chairman Mao*, which consists simply of accounts of how the Thought of Chairman Mao cured cancer, restored sight and hearing, and revived the dead. He propagated totalism in word and deed, and nothing could do more than his life to dramatize Burke's reflections on the relation of manners to politics. It is difficult, as Dr. Johnson put it once, to settle the proportion of iniquity among men as bad as Mao's rivals in mass murder, but beside him Hitler seems quirky, and Stalin (whom he admired) urbane. His ruthlessness, to which his PR men in the press so delicately allude, was not only temperamental but principled.

That the West is now terribly devoid of principle is obvious in the evasions, in the compulsion to soften and personalize the dreadful character of this dedicated man. He never even tried to hide his hatred and enmity for what used to be called the free world; on the contrary he trumpeted his resolution to destroy it. He lacked the means to wage the war he lusted for; and for that he is now hailed as a prince of peace. The prostration of the West before Mao reflects in part the vulgar respect for success, particularly the fascination with power typical of politicians, journalists, and intellectuals; but it also expresses a xenophiliac admiration for that integrity we now feel so deeply absent in ourselves, and our desperate hunger to be reconciled with it. The panegyrics belong to our history of moral capitulation to the enemies of civilization, whose milestones include Munich, 1938, and Peking, 1972.

One China—Two Chinas

The China question comes up daily as Peking, embroiled in internal politics of its own, puts pressure on the U.S. Government to recognize it and henceforth treat "China" as one entity controlled by Peking—thus derecognizing Taiwan and abrogating our defense treaty with her.

Some American analysts would be willing to accept this, provided we followed "the Japanese model": i.e., formally recognizing Peking and formally breaking with the Republic of China, while informally maintaining economic ties with her. The problem with this model, as is pointed out by several essayists in a volume called *China —The Turning Point* (Council on American Affairs), is that Japan's policy can exist only because the U.S.-Taiwan defense treaty exists; if America were also to adopt this policy, neither Japan's nor any other country's informal arrangements with Taiwan could last long.

As a possible solution, "the German model" is therefore being urged—meaning the formulation devised by then-Chancellor Willy Brandt, "one nation, two states." A "two-Chinas" policy is very attractive, inasmuch as it would save face on both sides—it would merely recognize that there are in fact two governments, each of which demonstrably controls a certain land area; by retaining the one-nation formula, it would leave open to each state the possibility that it could eventually reunite the nation under its single banner.

Comes now Richard L. Walker, with an essay in the same Council on American Affairs volume, to pose a caveat. The two-Chinas formulation, he says, is fine (although Chou En-lai explicitly rejected it in the Shanghai Communiqué). However, we must remember historically that Willy Brandt brought forth his formulation 14 years after his predecessor, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, had first cautiously established diplomatic relations with Moscow; Adenauer and Khrushchev had agreed to hold in abeyance the ultimate legal question of how to deal with the de facto two Germanys. "It is possible then," says Walker, "that the experience of the Germans does have relevance for the China problem, but quite the opposite of the usual manner in which it is applied." That is, the U.S. should not insist that the two Chinas recognize each other, but should insist that Peking accept our recognition, if it wants it badly enough, on those terms only.

Clean Air, Hot Air

In 1970, the Clean Air Act came to town like Lindbergh from Paris. Five years later, rueful Congress sat down

Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco

"Is it the same government we keep sending so much of our money to that has to keep asking who we are and where we live?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to ponder realities. The Clean Air Act, experience was beginning to establish, had ordained clean air, unemployment, and, even, bankruptcy—for those firms that cannot meet the standards set without rejiggering their production facilities at a cost that would make them uncompetitive.

What then happened, unfortunately, is what so often happens when Congress, which is called upon to pass a thousand pieces of legislation per year, lost control of the purpose of looking again at the 1970 act. The staffs of the relevant representatives and senators took over, and having listened to myriad witnesses detailing the shortcomings of the law as it stood, the staff put together Clean Air Act Amendments which are nothing much more than a transcript of the will of the Environmental Lobby, which would rather the incremental locust breathed sweet air, than that the economy flourish. Actually, in the long term the twin objectives of industrial efficiency and clean air are not incompatible. But a move toward what is desirable must be made with reference to such realistic considerations as the high cost of fuel, and the higher cost of making fuel smell like frankincense and myrrh. Now the conferees are agreeing on final wording, and President Ford is up against the question whether to veto. He should veto—because it is a bad bill. But this is Jimmy Carter season, and any veto will of course be interpreted as a vote for foul air for the sake of obscene profits. Take it away, representative government.

Retiring Mrs. Abzug

Senator James Buckley and former UN Ambassador Daniel Moynihan both did what was predicted in New York's September 14 primary. Buckley easily defeated, by a more than 2 to 1 margin, Representative Peter Peyser, who can brag to his grandchildren that he captured one of New York's 62 counties in the 1976 Republican senatorial primary. Already nominated by New York's Conservative Party, Buckley now has the GOP line as well.

Moynihan, who will now meet Buckley in November, had a much closer (and bloodier) contest in his bid for the Democratic senatorial nomination. Representative Bella Abzug, a bull moose during most of her three terms in Washington, played Tinker Bell throughout the primary campaign and came within one percentage point of beating Moynihan. Credit for her defeat must go to fellow candidates Paul O'Dwyer and Ramsey Clark. The Irish-Catholic O'Dwyer, president of the New York City Council, failed to siphon off enough votes from the Irish-Catholic Moynihan, and former Attorney General Clark refused a simple Abzug request, a few days before the primary, that he withdraw from the race and endorse her. Abzug accepted defeat characteristically: she is now said to harbor an especial revilement for Clark, and Moynihan is only slightly higher on her list. "Buckley's a shoo-in," said one Democrat reflectively after the event. "There's a terrible bitterness on Bella's side."

Denied a Senate seat, she surrenders her House seat at the end of the year. The spectacle of a Congress without her has plunged her supporters into a grief rivaling the Maoists'. Already pressure is being applied on the probable successor to her House seat, Democratic nominee Theodore Weiss, to step aside for her. Weiss has so far refused. If he remains adamant, it will mean that, for at least two years, the Captor Nations will be short one representative in Congress.

McGovern's Ghost

Jimmy Carter ought to know something about higher incomes and tax loopholes: He earned $136,139 last year and paid $16,702 in federal income tax. Yet he has been going around promising at least $100 billion of additional federal spending, a lower deficit, and lower taxes on families with low or middle incomes. That combination has to mean a huge tax increase for those with above-average incomes. The arithmetic is inescapable.

Since only 1 percent of all families have a pre-tax income of more than $50,000 a year, usually by having two or three family members working, Carter can't squeeze nearly enough money out of so few people. So, when asked for a definition of the "higher income" people whom he says he would tax more heavily, Carter replied, quite honestly, that he would use "the median level of income, and anything above that would be higher." The median income is around $12,000 for a family of four with half of the population above and half below that point, but Carter quickly denied that he meant what he said. If he can boost spending and bal-

Hayakawa

From the shores of San Diego
To the fever swamps of 'Frisco,
Warren Beatty braves are paling
At the hunter, Hayakawa.
Back at Berkeley, where his hatchet
Slew the hickey-covered hippies,
Hayakawa won allegiance
From the sneaker-wearing ladies;
Won a sign of recognition
From the orange-picking Okies;
Got a heap of wampum, also,
From the taxes-paying nations.
Now in tweedy tribal trappings
He descends upon the redwoods,
Cramming arrows in his quiver
For the sleek elitist, Tunney.

W. H. von Dreele

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ance the books without raising taxes for at least half the population, he should tell us how. Everyone enjoys a good magician.

Taxing Growth

Media comment on the new 1,500-page tax law has ranged from frankly bewildered to conspicuously misinformed. *Newsweek* described it as "a solidly progressive step aimed at more equitably distributing the cost of government." But the new law is supposed to raise $1.6 billion in additional revenues, and that is a net increase in the cost of government, not a redistribution of that cost. Anything that results in the government taking more money from the people should be called by its right name—a tax increase, not a reform.

In this case, the tax increase falls almost entirely on income from investments, through such clumsy devices as a higher minimum tax imposed regardless of otherwise legitimate deductions. The result, of course, will be less investment, and less investment means slower economic growth and less taxable income in the future.

A 1974 Brookings Institution study by two ardent tax reformers, Joseph Pechman and Benjamin Okner, found that under the usual assumptions about who really bears the burden of corporate and property taxes, "the average [tax] rate on income from capital is 33 per cent compared with 17.6 per cent for income from labor." That was based on 1968 data, before the 1969 "reform" and before a runaway inflation created illusory but taxable profits, interest income, and capital gains. The tax on capital in recent years has surely been well above 33 per cent—some estimates say 50 per cent—and the new law will make it still higher. As a result, our stock of capital per worker increased by only 1.6 per cent per year from 1970 to 1975, compared with 2.4 per cent in the 1960s and 2.9 per cent in the 1950s. Yet some people still wonder why the economy lacks the plant and equipment needed to provide employment and rising real income for a rapidly growing labor force.

Good News from Sweden

Shake the timbrels, pound the drums, break out a case of Bollinger, and polish off the fatted calf: Olof Palme, the Swedish Krishna Menon, has been kicked out of office by the voters.

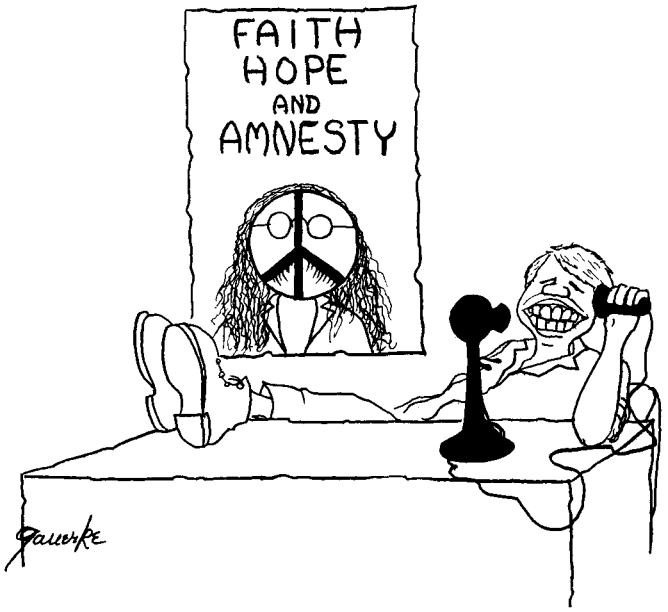
In the decisive defeat administered to Palme's ruling Socialists several issues stood out, and the Swedish results suggest that socialist parties elsewhere in Western Europe may be in for trouble. The high taxes needed to sustain Sweden's sperm-to-worm welfare state have been causing more grumbling recently, and found their conspicuous symbol when tax-harassed movie director Ingmar Bergman decided to move permanently to Hollywood. Bureaucracy inevitably has proliferated, and become ever more intrusive. Palme had decided to press ahead with the development of nuclear power plants, a touchy issue, and he had also endorsed a scheme that would have given the labor unions control of all sizable companies within twenty years, a prospect that alienated businessmen and much of the middle class. Finally, as the *New York Times* put it in an absolutely delicious sentence, "Some Swedes worried over the fact that Mr. Palme had been dependent for survival on Communist votes in the Riksdag." Get that "some." Victims of neurotic anxiety, one gathers.

For Americans, however, Palme will long be remembered as the friend of and apologist for the totalitarians in Hanoi as they sought to conquer South Vietnam. As he departs from office, we hereby grant him the Vidkun Quisling Award for 1976, in view of his conscious services to totalitarianism.

The new prime minister will be Thorbjorn Falldin of the Center Party. He promises to cut back on bureaucracy and on taxes, but whatever he does it would be metaphysically impossible for him not to be an improvement on Palme. Pass the bottle of Bollinger. Verily, as Palme himself said after the voting, "The conservatives will be happy all over the world."

Lethal Laws

Congress is working out the details of a bill to require extensive testing of new chemicals for hazards to health or the environment before they are introduced. The General Accounting Office estimates that the cost of the new reporting and testing will add hundreds of millions to business costs, which will of course be reflected in higher consumer prices. But other costs are potentially more significant.



"Okay Jerry, agreed. You don't mention my pardon; I won't mention yours."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Pre-market screening is the heart of the law," explains a *New York Times* editorial. "Chemicals should be fully tested . . . before—not after—they have entered the marketplace." The difficulty with that position, if pursued with excess zeal, is that requiring elaborate testing discourages and delays the introduction of useful as well as dangerous chemicals.

We have an example in the 1962 amendments to the Food and Drug Act, which several studies have found to so delay the introduction of new drugs that they cause more pain, deformity, and death than they prevent. Similarly, our agricultural industries' ability to end starvation in the world has depended critically on innovations in the herbicides and pesticides that are so often the targets of the back-to-nature crowd.

While hazardous chemicals surely exist, many hazards were not discovered until science had accumulated years of knowledge and experience, and would not have been uncovered by any reasonable amount of prior testing. And the Environmental Protection Agency has already leaped to ban useful products on the basis of very flimsy evidence.

This is not the sort of issue that admits of absolute conclusions, but any effort to discourage risky scientific innovation must be carefully balanced against the risk of slowing the good along with the bad.

Something Rotten

Inflation in Denmark is edging back into the double-digit range; unemployment is at 5.5 per cent, the budget deficit amounts to more than 10 per cent of GNP, the trade deficit is three times as bad as last year, and the Danes owe a whopping $5 billion to foreign lenders—triple the per capita foreign debt of Italy.

Like so many other socialist nations that are suffering from an acute case of the "British disease," Denmark is using British snake oil to soothe the pain. The Danish government is proposing a 6 per cent ceiling on wage increases and a stiff hike in taxes, with no restraint on government spending or money creation. With wages held down and fiscal and monetary policies continuing to push prices up, the predictable results will be a decline in real wages and an increase in profit margins. This is a curious policy for a worker's paradise, but it has been adopted by virtually all socialist governments at one time or another.

The decline in workers' real wages will be compounded by the proposed increases in direct taxes, which will boost the prices of necessities significantly. These added burdens on work, used to finance subsidies for non-work, will also reduce labor incentives and thus further reduce real output and income per hour of work. At some point, Danish workers may figure out that socialist government is a luxury they can't afford.

Only a Burp

Though Olof Palme got the gate,
The Swedes did *not* regurgitate.
No feathers teased the country's throat.
(They shun a Roman antidote.)
No, Sweden cashiered Tweedledum
Because he got too meddlesome,
And substituted Tweedledee—
Who also promised goodies "free."

W. H. VON DREELE

Mr. Kristol's Birch Tree

Irving Kristol's contribution to the art of social philosophy is similar to Robert Frost's contribution to the art of poetic imagery: his affinity is for the simplest, most prosaic features of the landscape before him, from which features he elicits the sublimity of mere lapidary phenomena. What Frost did for the humble birch tree, Kristol does for the elemental concepts of philosophizing —"social justice," for example, which is the subject of his recent treatise in the *Wall Street Journal.*

Actually, Kristol prefers—on the grounds that "in politics, the language we use to ask questions is always more important than any particular question"—to substitute for the loaded phrase "social justice" the more neutral phrase "distributive justice." The former, he argues, assumes that "society" ought to be the agent of income distribution—an assumption that is "now so common that few people realize how controversial its implications are." Yet it is a basic premise of liberal, capitalist societies that such distribution should proceed via the workings of the marketplace, and upon the basis of productive contribution to the economy, not, as in socialist societies, to society itself.

For any society in which income distribution proceeds according to the citizen's contribution to the common good must needs have a powerful sense of what it is that constitutes that good, as well as authoritative institutions for the promulgation of that concept. Yet you cannot have such a consensus, and such institutions, in a liberal society, based as such a society is upon a "weak consensus. . . . The liberty of a liberal society derives from a prevalent skepticism as to anyone's ability to know the 'common good' with certainty, and from the conviction that the authorities should not try to define this 'common good' in any but a minimal way. That minimal definition, in a liberal society, will naturally tend to emphasize the improvement of the material conditions of life—something that very few people are actually against."

"In sum and in short," concludes Kristol: "The distribution of income under liberal capitalism is 'fair' if—and only if—you think that liberty is, or ought to be, the most important political value. If not, then not."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There will of course, he admits, continue to be people who define justice in terms of equality and "find it . . . difficult genuinely to detest left-wing (i.e., egalitarian) authoritarian or totalitarian regimes. And . . . it is precisely because they are true believers in justice-as-equality that they dislike a free society, with all its inevitable inequalities." How ironical, muses Mr. Kristol, that such an idea of social justice should be regarded as liberal. "Whatever its other merits, an authentic attachment to liberty is not one of them."

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

An acquaintance inflicted the gift of a piranha with appropriate aquarium and paraphernalia on me. For six or seven months now I have had to put up with gurgling water, whirring motors, and the uneasy feeling that I am a potential meal. My office is so laid out that the aquarium is approximately four feet from a cupboard wherein I store a television set. The piranha, named Charles, seldom watches television, being far more interested in reviewing whatever documents I happen to be working on. However, on two occasions we have observed Charles watching *Firing Line*. It is rather obvious when the goofy fish is watching television, as the television set is a foot higher than the aquarium and the fish must position himself at an angle to observe the screen.

Could this mean I have a fish with good taste?

Very truly yours,
Francis D. Papenfuss
La Crosse, Wisc.

Dear Mr. Papenfuss: That depends on who on the screen he wants to eat. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Saw your program on national health insurance with Mr. Seidman and Dr. Hall last night. We have been spared you for some time now, since you disappeared from the only channel we normally watch. Stumbled on you accidentally while I was idly twisting the dial while waiting for the police to arrive after I shot the insurance salesman (he died without suffering, thank God).

I presume the show was taped fairly recently, but I'll be damned if the dialogue didn't sound like a broken record from 'way back. I noticed you quivered with excitement every time the famous medic recited his tedious litany, but I find a reflex conservative just as boring as a grimly determined socialistic labor unionist. I could have saved you some money by coming on with two rag puppets and doing the whole dialogue myself, including the interlocutor who didn't utter a single surprising word. (Even if you were insincere, as I am sure you would be, you could charm a whole new audience by an occasional uplifting word such as "God bless America"; which is three words, of course.)

Frankly, I am puzzled as to what motivated you to do a program on this particular subject. Because you are as yet abysmally undereducated on the subject of national health insurance (like your two guests), I am certain you are instinctively opposed to the whole idea. Therefore, why stir it up? You neither advanced the cause of one side or the other nor cast any light on the subject for your audience. But I am sure you would not have addressed the question at all if you did not admit that it is one of very real interest and concern to the great majority of Americans. If you ever feel so moved again, I suggest you invite someone like myself who does know something about the subject (I have the credentials, self-bestowed) but who has no political or other vested interest in it—and that's hard to find.

I did call Mr. Seidman on the phone today, and I was astonished that anyone in his position and with his pretensions was totally unaware of the Lewin & Associates report on Canada (which I goaded Caspar Weinberger into authorizing for HEW). I suggested that he (Seidman) should know what he was talking about before opening his mouth before a national audience. At least he knew who I am (I don't) and had read my book but evidently doesn't retain too well. (I suppose it is in order to let you have the enclosed copy of my follow-up letter to him along with other correspondence that may help fill your own abyss.)

You won't be pleased to know that your program now looks like hell chopped up with 57 commercials and stretched to an hour for someone else's profit. PBS's loss is free enterprise's gain! Glory be! May I suggest you substitute some kind of silent electric shock device in your pants for that disgusting buzzer that signals the commercial breaks. Not too gentle a shock; say about 10,000 volts.

Respectfully yours,
Peter Fisher
1621 State Street
Santa Barbara, California

Dear Mr. Fisher: Don't blame *us* if nobody heard of your plan, which sounds nice, but probably works best when dealing with toy doctors. Still, we'll have a look . . . Meanwhile, the plan is to be commended if only for giving rise to such high choler. Greatly enjoyed it. Cordially, WFB

■ To: William F. Buckley Jr.
From: Lee Solters
Public Relations
New York

WE PASS THIS NEWS WITHOUT NO MALICE THERE AIN'T NO APOSTROPHE IN CAESARS PALACE THANK'S —**WFB**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose Your Weapons, Gentlemen

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

IN THE VERBAL THEATER, I can testify, the Pentagon has an impressive retaliatory capability. My gentle first strike against three of the fashionable weapons systems ("Nostalgia and Weapons," August 20) provoked a counterattack on a scale massive enough to flatten a three-volume study by the Rand Corporation.

The authors (mostly well-informed military men, active or retired) were concerned to defend one or all of the systems (the new tank, the supersonic bomber, the giant nuclear carrier), and they did so ably and persuasively. Nearly all their letters are lengthy, so that it is impossible to print them in full. However, extensive excerpts from a representative sample appear in the letters section of this issue (see p. 1096). I won't try to "reply"—actually I agree with most of the specific points—but to make a few more comments related to the general idea I am somewhat erratically circling.

1. It is not surprising that a strong case can be made for *any* weapons system that gets to the stage even of research and development, and progressively stronger as the cycle moves through prototype to production to deployment. If there were not a strong case, the system would have been rejected before the decision had been made to assign a lot of time, effort, people, and money to it.

However, the case for any given system, no matter how strong, cannot of itself be conclusive. A correct decision concerning a particular major weapon must take into account the entire military structure, the domestic economic and political conditions, the strategic perspective, and (in the case of great powers) the global situation. An abstractly perfect weapon is useless if it is irrelevant.

2. The Right more or less automatically objects to any proposal to reduce the Pentagon budget or eliminate any military element. (I will leave the habits of the Left to other occasions.) This is surely irrational. Anyone who has had any dealings with the military establishment knows that its management methods are so fouled up that billions could be lopped off to its operational benefit.

It is self-evident that you can't have all conceivable weapons. You have to draw the line *somewhere*: that is, you have to choose, and choosing A will mean rejecting B—or if not B, then P or Q.

It is not just a liberal prejudice to say that there are social and economic limits. Some of these are physical: the productive plant can only turn out so much. Some are structural: an unrestrained arms program can be a quick road to wild inflation, or (in a democracy) to social turmoil if the political leaders have not convinced the citizens of its necessity. You can't defend a nation by wrecking it.

There is also what might be called an organizational imperative for limiting the number of weapons systems. Effective strategy cannot be all over the lot. In all games—business, politics, sports, as well as war—effective strategy demands concentration, focus. Each different weapons system co-opts a vast civilian as well as military support structure—of both things (materials, factories, machines, money) and people. Large numbers of people have to be specially organized and trained to design, produce, maintain, and use each system, and each system must be integrated with the others. Adding weapons increases the organizational problem geometrically, and can reach a level of complexity at which more weapons mean less power.

History shows that most conquering armies have concentrated on one or two weapons (combat) systems—the Macedonian phalanx, the Roman infantry legion, Attila's horse archers, the Ottoman Turks' camel corps, the late medieval English long-bowmen, Nelson's naval gunnery, the mature Napoleon's artillery, Mao's revolutionary guerrilla system.

3. I do not want to suggest that there is a nostalgic flavor to all the Pentagon's products. I do not detect any, for example, in three of the chief strategic systems; cruise missile, Trident submarine, the still embryonic laser systems. Although the cruise missile is linked to the German WW-II rockets, it has an up-to-date profile. It is marvelously adaptable. It can be launched and guided from ships, submarines, static emplacements, trucks, and trains as well as aircraft. It can be designed for robot-runs from a few to hundreds, even thousands of miles at varying velocities. Since the mother-aircraft would not normally penetrate enemy air space, there is no need for supersonics. Existing B-52s can be easily adapted as launch vehicles, as could, for that matter, almost any large transport, military or civilian (C-5, 747, DC-10, L-1011, C-131).

The opponent is usually a good judge of what threatens him most. In the continuing SALT negotiations, the primary Soviet aim has been to put both quantitative and qualitative limitations on our cruise missiles (which are much more advanced than theirs). The word is that we are going to yield on this. It might be useful if some of the fervor devoted to boosting the B-1 were switched to rescuing the cruise missile from the shabby fate to which current White House policy assigns it.

4. I conclude as before: Even granted that all our major present weapons projects are exactly what Mars calls for, none of them is notably relevant to the kind of conflicts that have actually been going on during these past thirty years—and that have had greater territorial and demographic consequences than any wars in past history. Our side has been losing in most of these conflicts. Even when we start shooting we haven't done very well: a tie in Korea, defeats in Cuba and Indochina, not to mention our recurring paralysis. The military command can't escape its share of responsibility. We have yet to hear a spokesman of or for the military command propose a $20-billion system for improving our performance in the global revolutionary struggle that is the distinctive form of conflict in our epoch. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOTTOM LINE

An irrepressible black drive v. *an immovable white core. Soon the immovable core will be able to produce nuclear bombs. And then it will also be able to defy its enemies—and its "friends"*

South Africa in Our Future

LAURENCE SALOMON

WHEN GUERRILLA warfare begins on South Africa's borders it will not be another one of those liberation wars that have passed by in rapid succession over the last thirty years. All those conflicts, from Indonesia's independence struggle (1945-48) to Mozambique's (1964-1974), were but stations on the way toward the overthrow of five centuries of white Western rule in Asia and Africa. The struggle for South Africa will be the end of that line. It will not resemble previous liberation wars where an irrepressible drive met a movable object. Nor will it be like the Middle Eastern cauldron, which appears now to have been contained and cooled by the agreement of both superpowers to recognize the right of Israel to an independent existence. The struggle for South Africa will pit an irrepressible drive against an object with an immovable core, black freedom against white freedom. Here there is no hint of superpower agreement. Here, for the first time, a situation seems destined to arise in which a nuclear power is backed against the wall.

South Africa is Africa's richest and most powerful country, heavily industrialized, far more developed than are some of the smaller countries of Europe. It is the world's chief producer of gold and diamonds. It has vast coal and iron ore reserves, steel and chemical industries, and the world's largest oil-from-coal extraction complex. Together with the disputed territory of South West Africa (Namibia), which it controls at present, it possesses 20 per cent of the world's economically usable uranium.

Its four million whites are not dependent for their protection on the presence of an army from Europe, as were the *pieds-noirs* of Algeria and the *colons* of Mozambique and Angola. Not only does it maintain the best trained and equipped armed forces on the African continent, but it has been working for approximately twenty years to develop a nuclear-weapons capacity. This requires that processed uranium, in which the light isotope U^{235} occurs in a concentration of under 1 per cent, be reprocessed to contain a 90 per cent concentration. In 1975, with long-term assistance from West German authorities, the South Africans completed a pilot uranium enrichment plant that utilizes the jet nozzle system of uranium reprocessing developed by the West German scientist E. W. Becker. This year construction will begin on the prototype plant at Palindaba, near Pretoria. Once South Africa has atomic weapons, it will be in a position to defy its enemies—and its "friends."

Its will to inflict and endure nuclear holocaust is in as little doubt as that of any of the other nuclear powers. When gunfire begins to echo in the wooded valleys of Zululand and along the Swazi border, and shattered glass and bomb fragments explode across pavements in downtown Johannesburg, there will of course be whites who will pack up and leave. Perhaps many of the 160,000 Jews—accustomed to uprootings, formerly tolerated, then persecuted, then once more tolerated but seldom wholly at home in that prosperous and troubled land—will gather their belongings and trek again, some to where they will trek no more. Many of the English-speaking whites, members of an esteemed culture, will seek new homes. But fewer of the more than two million Afrikaners will leave.

THE AFRIKANERS are a scorned people. The great-grandparents of their great-grandparents are buried in that land, and their speech is heard nowhere else. They are a stiff-necked, hypocritical, lying people, scornful of the moral upbraiding they receive constantly from a world whose moral standard, they observe, is distinguishable only in outward appearance from their own. Not with Jehovahjireh, nor with Jerusalem, nor with the towers of Westminster do they link their identity, but with the still karoo, the burning grass of the highveld, the hill of Vegkop. They have no achievements, no self-identity, outside their own majestic land. No threat, no pain, no inducement will cause them to abandon it. Nor will they, in the present moral climate, accept the world's prescription for the inhumanities that they perpetrate: the prescription of black majority rule. It is wrong to assume, one Afrikaner has remarked, that if blacks acquire political power, they "will act differently and more fairly toward the European population than the Europeans were or are prepared to act toward the native population." They will consent to become outsiders neither within nor without South Africa. If they can not live as freely as their fathers did, they will in fear and

Mr. Salomon has taught at the University of Botswana, Lesotho, and Swaziland and at the State University College, New Paltz, N.Y. For the past four years he has been assembling the largest diachronic collection of slides on African history and society extant, which is now in need of a permanent institutional home.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anger destroy their hostile neighbors, their black subjects, and themselves.

Nor will twenty million black people consent to remain "boys" and "girls" in the land where their grandparents' grandparents were men and women, where the ancestor wandered with his oxen and the poet smote the ground with his staff to make his message clear. Some will accept and many will bend to the government's separate-development policy, whereby 13 per cent of the country's land area will be transformed into nine black "homeland" states, of which the first, the Transkei, is slated for independence on October 26. Already the process has begun of converting South Africa's majority black population into "foreigners" in the land where they were born, where they live and work—"foreigners" holding "homeland" passports and voting in "homeland" elections, with no legal claim, therefore, to voting rights in South Africa.

But the success of this policy, although implemented with effective resources of inducement and coercion, will remain superficial. It will not permit "boys" to be men. It will not stop fathers being separated from their wives and children by a deliberate migrant-labor policy. It will not lessen economic exploitation, hunger, and injustice. It will merely transform South Africa into the unique position of a country where most of the population are "foreigners." And most of these "foreigners," whatever their documents state, will continue to harbor in their hearts the belief that their home is where they were born and work, and that, in the words of some black leaders, "there is no part of the country to whose development [they] have not made their full contribution." To imagine otherwise is to believe that *Homo sapiens* is not one species.

A point will be reached in the disintegration of white power when its collapse will become for white leaders more terrible than the consequence of using nuclear weapons

---

History is replete with examples of irrepressible drives meeting immovable objects. But the precise situation that is emerging in southern Africa has no precedent. Here the clash will occur under the cloud of atomic armaments. Here the closer the black freedom principle comes to fulfillment, the nearer it comes to obliteration. And yet it cannot retract, or mark time forever. South Africa's future will be a game without the possibility of checkmate or stalemate, a game of ever-rising tension, the very crisis, perhaps, of civilization. Unlike Northern Ireland and Lebanon, South Africa, being a nuclear state, is everybody's problem. Since white South Africa will not bend before the outside world's hypocrisy, many countries, for many reasons, will not let white South Africa get away with legalized racial exploitation.

Black liberation in South Africa has not been the immediate foreign-policy priority of black African leaders. They have coordinated their liberation support efforts to end white rule first in the territories bordering South Africa, particularly Mozambique, Angola, Rhodesia, and South West Africa. With Mozambique's independence having been achieved last year and Angola's this year, white-ruled Rhodesia's transformation into Zimbabwe generally expected within two years, and South Africa's announced intention to relinquish control over South West Africa, the plan for black liberation is forging ahead. Once the bordering territories have been brought under black control, no unfinished business will stand between the final collision of black liberation and white freedom. Although these newly independent, black-ruled states will be economically and militarily weak at first, they will be strengthened and protected. If West Germany, a NATO member, can secretly supply South Africa with atomic technology and France can openly provide a nuclear plant, Russia and its satellites will surely not end their economic and military assistance to the black liberation forces just when they have reached the borders of South Africa. Whatever the components of Soviet-bloc assistance may be—in Mozambique arms were supplied; in Angola, arms and troops—the Western alliance, to which South Africa is linked economically and strategically, will be met by a countervailing power. For it to be otherwise would mark an unprecedented departure from Realpolitik.

THE ARMING of South Africa's future ring of black neighbors, the eventual guaranteeing of their borders from South African raid or invasion, and a warning by the Soviet Union that it would respond in kind to the use by South Africa of atomic weapons would inaugurate world crisis. All of black Africa's liberation support efforts, both material and diplomatic, will be concentrated against South Africa, other liberation struggles having been concluded. Guerrilla activities will be launched from sanctuaries in the bordering states. White power in South Africa will then begin to follow the only course it can follow, a course of erosion. The whites' human and material resources will be increasingly diverted from productive activity to a protracted anti-guerrilla campaign in which they will be precluded from seeking victory. Demoralization will set in, manpower will emigrate, the inflation inevitable in such conditions will help to transform the alienated black South African majority into a hungrier and even less productive population, desperate and ready for insurgency and sabotage. A point will be reached in the process of the disintegration of white power when its collapse will become for white leaders more terrible than the consequence of using nuclear weapons. Then, beleaguered and desperate, they will give way to irresistible impulse. The exchange of deadly blasts, and the resulting radioactive poisons, will empty the region.

Level-headed as well as optimistic persons may think that this point will never be reached, mankind being too cunning or too lucky (except perhaps in Lebanon). Surely black Africa and its allies would not counter South African nuclear attacks on Mozambique and Zimbabwe with nuclear attacks on South Africa that would destroy not only the white South Africans but also the blacks who are the presumed object of liberation. But this implies that black Africa would permit white supremacy to survive merely because to do otherwise would be patently counterproductive.

The overseas branches of black South African liberation organizations have repeatedly urged an economic boycott of South Africa despite warnings that the black population

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there would suffer first and most grievously; black states might well accept a holocaust they themselves would not have to endure in order to rid the continent of white racism. The dead black millions of South Africa would become for all of black Africa a hero population who died for a cause greater than their own liberation. Moreover, black African leaders might take comfort in the hope that not all black South Africans would die, or that the radioactive poisons would subside eventually and black settlement of the country would resume.

Level-headed people conjecturing what South Africa's white rulers might do *in extremis* will be inclined to suppose that they are as unlikely as the black Africans to engage in self-destruction. After all, safe-conduct opportunities out of South Africa would be available to them as an inducement not to initiate the cycle of nuclear destruction and self-destruction—safe-conduct opportunities that were unavailable to Hitler in his bunker in 1945 or to the Jews of Masada twenty centuries ago, but that were available to South Vietnam's rulers.

This is plausible if one is ignorant of history and current events. Not all South Vietnam's leaders left. Some chose to continue to fight. Their deaths went almost unnoticed because their weapons had little impact. Would Hitler have accepted a proffered safe-conduct to Paraguay, or the Jews, a safe-conduct to the Parthian Empire, had they controlled the kind of weapons which South Africa's rulers will possess in their extremity? Do we imagine that the Japanese kamikaze pilots were aberrations of history, peculiar to a strange Oriental culture, rather than a woeful but clear expression of that obstinate spirit—visible too in Europe's Christian martyrs—which eventually shapes the human condition in every culture?

"If we go forward, we die," Zulu soldiers were told before their decisive battle with the incoming Afrikaners at Blood River in 1838, a battle in which 3,000 Zulus would be killed and not a single white: "If we go backward, we die. Let us go forward and die." That same spirit is in the Afrikaner. Doubtless some Afrikaners will accept safe-conducts. This has happened before in their history; they are remembered as *hensoppers* (hands-uppers). But there has also always been the Afrikaner counterpart of the kamikaze pilot, the *bittereinders* (diehards). When South Africa's *hensoppers* leave, the *bittereinders* will remain. But this time, unlike diehards in the past, they will have access to nuclear weapons that will not permit their deaths to go unnoticed.

If the effects of the approaching collision could be contained within southern Africa, we could view even a holocaust there with something approaching our customary detachment. But there is no way that the transformation of southern Africa into a poisoned region could leave the rest of the world unaffected. Both the West and Japan, with which South Africa is economically integrated and tacitly allied, are already pessimistically struggling with a host of problems. South Africa is one of financially-teetering Britain's best customers and suppliers of investment income. How many jobs would be lost in Western Europe, Japan, and the Americas in the economic chain reaction resulting from South Africa's vanishing into smoke?

Western economies would be much more severely damaged than Communist and Third World economies, and the West's inevitable attempt to maintain its military strength while being debilitated economically will compound the strain. Mere footnote to this is the much-discussed problem of South Africa's removal from the Western security system, including the loss of repair and servicing facilities for the 24,000 ships that pass the Cape of Good Hope annually—1.5 million tons of shipping daily, carrying Europe's life-blood, oil and raw materials.

What could the West do to stave off such a blow to its already declining power? Conceivably, although it is very unlikely from the standpoint of domestic party-politics, Western military forces might be sent to fight on South Africa's borders so as to keep the society behind their backs functioning and free of the pressures that would bring the *bittereinders* to the fore. But as such interposition would not solve the problems that had brought it about, the clash between black freedom and white freedom would at one stroke become worldwide. A conflict would have been entered in which there would be no light at the end of the tunnel. Those who had "abhorred" apartheid would now be seen by black Africans as its husband rather than its handmaiden.

WHETHER BLACK states would apply economic sanctions against the West is problematic. Economic sanctions are two-edged, but this has not prevented Zambia and Mozambique from cutting off their trade with Rhodesia. Although black Africa is deeply indebted to the West financially, it is a debtor rich in oil, chrome, copper, tin, zinc, hardwoods, cocoa, and many other treasures. The fossil fuel energy now sold by Nigeria to the United States, for example, exceeds in value everything that South Africa sells to *and* buys from the United States. Algeria sells more to the United States and to France than does South Africa. Italy is hostage to Libyan oil. And oil is unlikely to be the only important raw material that will fall into short supply and be used as a political lever in the years ahead.

South Africa therefore presents the West with an inescapable choice between evils: the evil of commission—military intervention on South Africa's borders and the onset of a confrontation from which the West could not extricate itself; the evil of omission and a shrunken West waiting, weakened, for the next blow. But the approach-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing struggle at the end of Africa affords no ultimate advantage to the Soviet bloc. The demands of Realpolitik require the latter to exploit gains secured from the West's embroilment in or withdrawal from southern Africa. A shrinking, declining West pushed into an ever more confined *laager* would be increasingly dangerous to its rivals.

Because of its global ramifications, because it is uniquely unavoidable and unwinnable, the coming struggle between freedoms in South Africa is, as I have noted, unprecedented. Thus it affords mankind an unprecedented opportunity to grasp the hint of the twentieth century, that we are all in the same boat. Those who write *Pravda*, *The People's Daily*, the *New York Times*, *Die Transvaler*, *Sechaba* will learn that Realpolitik has reached the point of counterproductivity, that poking holes in the other side's support will bring the roof down on one's own head, that victory is the equivalent of defeat. They may also learn that oppression and injustice cannot be eradicated in one part of the world while being allowed to flourish elsewhere.

Does anyone expect white South Africa to yield to persuasion or coercion from the world as we know it? Or black South Africa to negotiate away its birthright?

The gap between these lessons and their application is so huge that we not only lack any reasonable assurance that it can be closed: we are burdened with the reasonable suspicion that it can't. Perhaps, in a nutshell, our problem is that Realpolitik is both our nemesis and our life principle. On an elementary level, Realpolitik is everybody's yearning to be somebody, or at least not nobody. That yearning, which appears to be leading us now toward self-destruction, is also the force behind human achievement. We were always prisoners of paradox. Look at our hunter-gatherer forebears—the purest communists and egalitarians our world has ever seen. Their economy, requiring constant mobility, discouraged acquisition of burdensome material possessions. It rewarded cooperation and punished rivalry that could lead to fights, injuries, and hunger. Yet, these people had quarrels and, as some of their rock paintings attest, both in-group killing and warfare. If small, egalitarian societies with a marked peace ethos cannot always manage to avoid bad feelings and violence, what are our chances? The much-maligned figure of the ostrich with its head in the sand should perhaps be reconsidered.

But when, if only for the sake of activity, we lift our heads to observe what is coming at us from southern Africa, we may at least conclude that the necessity for removing our masks of moral superiority is rapidly overtaking the benefits of keeping them on. White South Africa in the eyes of the rest of the world is a moral leper. But what is the rest of world in the eyes of white South Africa? What, for example, is the United States, where the gap between white and black median family incomes increased from $2,602 in 1960 to $4,232 in 1971; whose privileged people—ourselves—publicly and officially deplore and "abhor" South Africa's policy of separate development while we send our children to nearly all-white public or private schools (and order poorer whites to integrate *their* schools)?

What does white South Africa think when it hears such words as those contained in then-Ambassador Daniel Moynihan's address to the AFL-CIO convention in San Francisco last year, repudiating the idea that the United States owes reparations to Third- and Fourth-World countries?

> We repudiate the charge that we have exploited or plundered other countries, or that our own prosperity has ever rested on any such relation. We are prosperous because we are—or were—an energetic and productive people who have lived under a system which has encouraged the development of our productive capacities and energies.

Do white South Africans not wonder where the American Indians who once owned this land fit into that, and all the African slaves who were brought forcibly to work here? If Americans are to assert a moral right to their prosperity, must white South Africans make a sacrifice of theirs?

WHAT DO these moral lepers think about black Africa, whose political leaders shout "fascist" at white men in South Africa, officially mourn the dead of Sharpeville and those black South Africans who, without fanfare, die of malnutrition in the land of gold—and at the same time elect as the head of the Organization of African Unity, the organization which symbolizes Africa's highest aspirations, a man who deports citizens of Asian background to the arid "group area" of Karamoja, hails Hitler for his destruction of Jews, and has murdered tens of thousands of his own country's men, women, and children for opposing him or merely getting in the way? What must South Africans think of Africa's "most respected statesman," Julius Nyerere, who, while ceaselessly condemning white colonialism, nevertheless orders the Masai to discard their traditional clothing; who, while proclaiming African socialism, does not quite live at the same standard as most of his countrymen; who has deprived of their traditional hunting-and-gathering way of life a numerically small people, the Hadza, who had asked neither for European imperialists to tell them what to do, nor for Julius Nyerere?

What do South Africa's "smiling fascists," as they have been called, think of Mao's revolution when they see the few engaged in sumptuous feasting in the Great Hall of the People? What do they think of Red China's concern for the liberation of oppressed peoples when they observe that country assisting Pakistan in its vain attempt to crush Bangladesh independence? Do they not agree with *Izvestia*'s charge, made on the 27th Anniversary of the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights, that "barbarous outrage against human dignity is characteristic of today's China, ruled by the Maoists"; but are they impressed with the source, a country of political prisoners and Gulags, a country whose leaders claim, "we want the African peoples to be fully liberated so that not a single area of Africa remains dominated by colonialism, racism, or apartheid," while supplying tanks to Idi Amin?

Does anyone actually expect white South Africa to yield to persuasion or coercion from the world as we know it? Or expect black South Africa to negotiate away its birthright?

But once the struggle in South Africa is joined and the equivalence between freedom and self-destruction becomes more apparent, the relationship between that country's problems and what occurs inside other countries will be inexpedient to mask. Who knows now what will then be considered the boundary of the impossible? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portable
TV RADIO

Lets You Tune-in To Your Favorite TV Shows Anytime, Anywhere!

Picks up All Network, Local TV Stations... And AM/FM Radio Too!

NEW LOW PRICE! $24.88

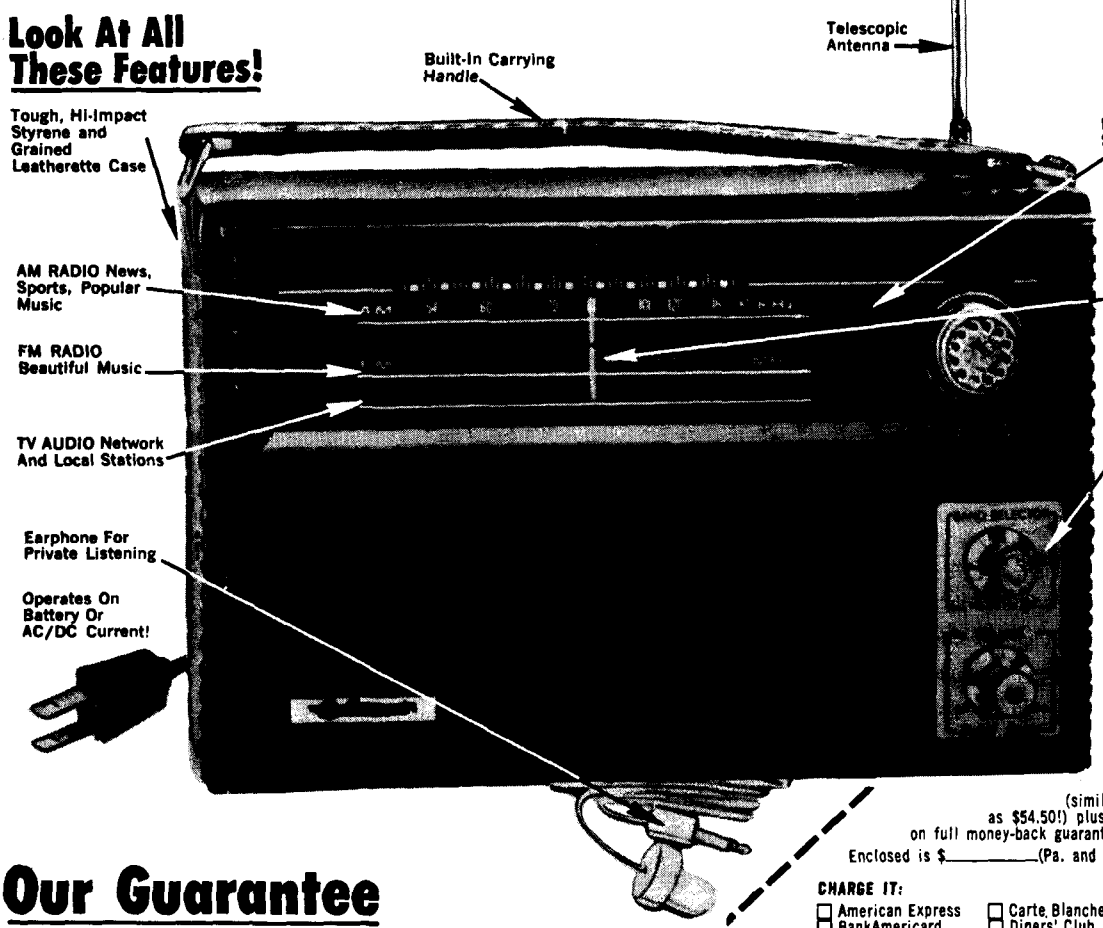
SAVE! ALL THIS FOR JUST
(similar models sold for as much as $54.50!)

SEND NO MONEY! YOU CAN CHARGE IT!

NOW! Thanks to our amazing TV RADIO you can follow the top TV Shows and Stars wherever you are! At the beach, the supermarket... in your car ...even on vacation! What's your favorite program? "Happy Days"... "The Walton's"... "Lawrence Welk" ..."Movin' On"? *Never miss it again!* Unique Portable TV RADIO tunes into the audio portion of any TV Show ...gets all channels 2-13...and brings them in loud and clear! Lets you enjoy TV when there's no TV around! Also a fine quality AM/FM radio. No question about it, you get big entertainment value here!

Z423178 — TV Radio $24.88

Look At All These Features!


Telescopic Antenna
Built-In Carrying Handle
Tough, Hi-Impact Styrene and Grained Leatherette Case
Big, Dynamic Speaker
AM RADIO News, Sports, Popular Music
Slide-Rule Selector
FM RADIO Beautiful Music
Easy-Read Dial
TV AUDIO Network And Local Stations
Earphone For Private Listening
Operates On Battery Or AC/DC Current!

Our Guarantee

You must be completely satisfied with this fabulous TV Radio or you may return for a full refund of the purchase price, no questions asked! Now, that's a guarantee in writing!

Old Village Shop
340 Poplar St., Hanover, Pa. 17331

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK

Old Village Shop
Dept. Z-3378
340 Poplar St.,
Hanover, Pa. 17331

Sure, I want to follow my favorite TV programs even when there's no TV around. Kindly send ___ Portable TV RADIO(S) (Z423178) at the New low price of just $24.88 (similar models sold for as much as $54.50!) plus $1.50 postage and handling on full money-back guarantee!

Enclosed is $_____(Pa. and Md. residents add sales tax.)

CHARGE IT:

☐ American Express ☐ Carte Blanche ☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Diners' Club Interbank #_____

Acct: No._____ Exp. Date_____

Name_____
(please print)

Address_____

City_____

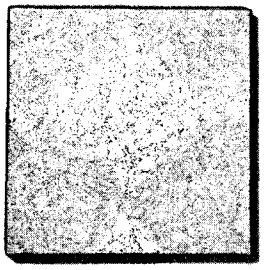
State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is Antique Glass™, one of the new ceilings in the Armstrong Designer Series. Its bright reflective surface produces a new overhead brilliance.

Adding the extra dimension of color is important to a designer. Even in a ceiling. That's why Armstrong has created Antique Glass — one of four innovative new designs that give you a choice of something besides white.

Here, we've developed a sparkling mirrorlike look that reflects all the beauty of a room's surroundings. It shimmers and shines like glass itself, but since we've affixed a polymeric film surface to 12" x 12" mineral-fiber tile, it combines the unique visual appea of a mirrored surface with the added benefits of acoust cal and fire-resistive properties. And that makes it a lo more practical than glass. Use it to make t ceiling an integral part of your interior dec to add depth, geometry, definition. And u our other decorator ceilings — Corkstyle, Gold Leaf, Registry — for the same purpos Write us for the colorful details. Armstron 4207 Rodney Ave., Lancaster, Pa. 17604.



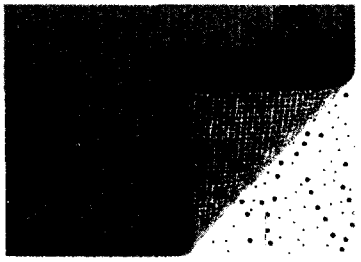
FROM THE INDOOR WORLD® OF Armstrong

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soundsoak™ Wall Panels from Armstrong. Their quiet good looks are almost as pleasing as their acoustical efficiency.

The wall that contributes to beauty doesn't always contribute to silence. Carpeting or other fabrics, for instance, may look terrific, but their effect on interior noise leaves a lot to be desired.

Soundsoak Wall Panels are another story. Because only after we made them absorb noise did we make them radiate beauty. And we made them do both by taking perforated mineral-fiber board and covering it with a soft modacrylic fabric. What results is a ¾-inch panel that absorbs 60% of the sound that strikes its surface—a fabric surface blending fibers of various colorations with vertical embossing in an attractive visual. Available in twelve updated natural and accent colors.



Soundsoak Wall Panels are 30 inches wide and 9 feet high. They can be easily installed on interior plaster, drywall surfaces, brick or block walls by simply attaching aluminum splines and locking the panel edges around the splines for total concealment.

And whether you're concerned with new construction or renovation, you'll be hard put to find anything else that provides such a striking effect on the eye and such a quieting effect on the ear. To learn more, write Armstrong, 4206 May Street, Lancaster, Pa. 17604.

FROM THE INDOOR WORLD® OF Armstrong

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVERY YEAR OR SO IT DOES YOU GOOD TO READ SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE YOUR BLOOD BOIL.

THIS WILL DO IT.

Ads to sell books are supposed to go into enormous detail, lavish praise, long descriptions. We'll merely say that Thomas and Richard Tedrow have done an exhaustive job of research, their book is well written, carefully presented, and what you've suspected all along is true. *The 220 pages contain facts never before disclosed.* It's a book you *must* have on your own bookshelf, preferably toward the front.

We don't, of course, expect you to take our word for that. You're invited to examine "Death at Chappaquiddick" for 10 days on an absolute, no-strings-attached money-back guarantee. If you decide the book is not an *invaluable investment*, just return it within the 10 days, and we'll refund your $8.95 in full, no questions asked.

P.S. Mary Jo Kopechne did not die from drowning.

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE, OR USE THIS COUPON

To: Green Hill Publishers, Inc. NR
P.O. Box 738-E
Ottawa, Illinois 61350

Yes. Send me the hard-cover *Death at Chappaquiddick* for 10-day examination.
Check or money-order for $8.95 is enclosed.

Charge to ☐ Mastercharge ☐ BankAmericard

Account no. _____ Expiration date _____

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEETING ON GORKY STREET

Vladimir Slepak's Vigil

DAVID SHRIBMAN

SEVEN YEARS ago this spring, Vladimir Slepak, a radio and television engineer, applied for permission to leave the Soviet Union and move to Israel. Now, a hundred days in jail and countless incidents of KGB harassment later, he and his family still live on Moscow's Gorky Street, in an eighth-floor flat where he has spent 35 of his 48 years.

Last April Slepak embarked on a three-week hunger strike to commemorate the sixth anniversary of his application for an exit visa. A year later and Slepak is still waiting—waiting, his 16-year-old son Leonid said, "for who knows what."

"There is an old Russian saying," said Leonid, an articulate young man with Paul Newman eyes, "that April is the cruelest month." It is also the opening line of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, and while Eliot spoke of "breeding lilacs out of the dead land," Leonid Slepak spoke of his family's life in what they, too, regard as a dead land.

Sitting in a small living room lined with English books ranging from Leon Uris' *Exodus* and Martin Buber's *I and Thou* to Richard Hofstadter's *The American Political Tradition* and Scammon and Wattenberg's *The Real Majority*, Leonid Slepak told six visiting Americans about an aspect of Soviet life that went as unmentioned in their official tour as the names of Stalin and Khrushchev.

He answered a written question, "Is this room bugged?" with a matter-of-fact "Of course" and explained that he and the rest of his family have assumed their conversations are under KGB scrutiny since the day "some KGB members were here and mentioned some things my father said only he and my mother knew."

"The important things we write to each other," he said, pointing to a pile of magic slates other American sympathizers had given them. "The things we know they know, we just say."

Leonid is accustomed to telling visitors his family's story. The Slepaks, who have become an international symbol of the persecution of Soviet Jews, have been visited by several Americans, including Senator Edward W. Brooke (R., Mass.) and Boston City Council President Louise Day Hicks.

The Americans visit the Slepaks as an antidote to "icon poisoning"—the result of a daily regimen of museum visits planned by inflexible Soviet guides—and to deliver books and clothes that keep the efforts of Soviet Jews alive.

The books nurture the Slepaks' dreams of moving to Israel and keep them informed of political and cultural trends in the West, while the clothes can be sold in the Soviet Union's thriving parallel economy where a new pair of American dungarees may bring $70 or more.

Leonid smiled slowly and gratefully when the American family handed him a package of dungarees, books, and sweaters. "This," he said, "is very important to us."

Leonid has adjusted to living in fear. He carefully bolts the apartment door and never fails to notice the movements of an ancient elevator that might not pass an American safety inspection. Each time there is motion outside the door, the passageway is blocked by the family dog, a monster named Akhbar whose name means "a little mouse."

Prior to President Nixon's trip to Moscow, Soviet policemen smashed the Slepaks' front door as well as the living room door—the path of their entry can still be seen—and arrested the elder Slepak. The arrest, the Soviet version of preventive detention, came because officials feared Slepak and other Jewish activists might cause trouble—or embarrassment—during Mr. Nixon's visit.

As the Soviet policemen entered his family's quarters, young Leonid ran downstairs to a pay phone to call members of the Western press. A KGB agent pushed Leonid's hand through the phone booth's glass panel, smashing the glass, and told the frightened teenager his fingers would be broken if he ever attempted something like that again.

THAT WAS not the Slepaks' only encounter with Soviet justice. Leonid's brother, arrested for demonstrating over the government's refusal to issue exit visas to Jews, was convicted in a secret trial and was sent to prison in Siberia. They expected further trouble late last winter when the 25th Party Congress convened in Moscow. "We waited," Leonid said, "but nothing happened."

Despite detente, Vladimir Slepak, in the seventh year of his discontent, carries a pair of long underwear in his briefcase whenever he ventures out of his apartment. He knows he may be arrested at any moment, and he knows Moscow's dungeons are cold and clammy even in summer. For him and for his family, still waiting to leave the Soviet Union after all these years, every month that he is left there in limbo is a cruel month. □

Mr. Shribman, a Dartmouth graduate, is now attending Cambridge University on a Reynolds scholarship.

Truth in Advertising for Politicians

With elections just around the corner of the ballot box, it seems like an excellent time to use the truth-in-advertising law for something besides telling consumers what's in a can of pork and beans. Why not label something that many think is more important—politicians?

Tattooed on the forehead of every candidate should be a label reading "Contents: water, 70.2 per cent; sugar, 3.2 per cent; protein, 9.4 per cent; fat, 17.2 per cent (excluding head)." And since you can't artificially improve the looks of a product, he wouldn't be allowed to wear makeup to hide bags under his eyes or his five-o'clock shadow.

It's when he goes into his pitch that the law would prove most effective:

"Rush down to your neighborhood precinct," says this baggy-eyed, stubble-chinned candidate, "and pick me out. I will raise your taxes overnight."

"Buy me," he goes on, "and crime will go up, inflation will soar, and the poor will get poorer, just like always.

"I need the job because of the money," he'll say.

He *has* to say it. Anything else would be false and misleading advertising. —JOHN KEEFAUVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REDEFINITIONS

What are the benefits of a college education? What do college graduates require for job satisfaction? The author, director of a study that asked 4,000 college graduates these questions, discusses some of his findings

Higher Education and Good Jobs

LEWIS C. SOLMON

THERE IS unrest nowadays over our system of higher education, much of it centering on the declining monetary value of a college degree. A good deal of the criticism—which is riddled with faulty logic, poor definitions, inadequate information, and overwrought extrapolations—implies that the sole purpose of higher education is to provide students with specific job skills. Too many educated people have forgotten that college instills—or should instill—in students the ability to think, read, write, calculate, learn, get along with people, and even use their leisure time to best advantage.

Even among the people who believe that the purpose of college is to enable graduates to get a "good job," there is no general agreement on what a good job is. This is partly a definitional problem, but the lack of clarity also results from lack of data. A current study, The Utilization of Education in Careers, which I am directing for the National Institute of Education and the College Placement Council, is filling these gaps. Its findings are based on a national survey of college graduates. Because first jobs are often temporary—indeed, 50 per cent of graduates change career plans after they leave college—we surveyed 4,000 men and women who had entered college in 1961. The questions dealt with what benefits are derived from college education and what college graduates seek from their work.

The most commonly assumed purpose of education—to prepare people for a career—turned out to be easier stated than defined. What people usually have in mind when they mention this as a goal is learning specific skills, facts, and procedures that will be used directly in a job. In fact, one school of thought maintains that students should simply be allowed to study what they will, and jobs should then be available in which they can use their newly acquired skills. But is it the obligation of the labor market to provide whatever positions people's training may have prepared them for? A student can go into chemistry and assume with some assurance that a job as a chemist will be available when he graduates. Classics majors stand less chance of getting a job in which their principal duty involves the use of Latin and Greek—but they knew that before they signed up.

Anyway, the standard assumptions as to which majors are vocationally oriented are clearly too simplistic. It is unrealistic to expect all chemistry graduates to work in laboratories: often they end up doing nothing of the kind, not only because those jobs may be unavailable, but also because they may prefer something else, like selling pharmaceuticals. On the other hand, it is silly to suppose that the chemistry major who sells pharmaceuticals is not using his training.

Is English Useless?

The humanities are considered to be an area which does not train graduates for future jobs. Yet communications skills—writing, reading comprehension, and the like—are crucial in many jobs. In our study, college graduates now in the labor force were asked to recommend the most useful course of study for someone preparing for jobs like theirs: 32 per cent recommended psychology, 31 per cent business administration, and 30 per cent English—a "nonvocational" subject considered to be almost useless in the job market. It was their feeling that a course of study that teaches students how to read, write, learn, and work with people will be useful in almost any job.

The study also suggests that a major function of today's colleges should be to provide career information to students, from before they enter college through the day they graduate, indicating what sort of jobs are available and what sort are not. At the same time, however, colleges and universities must emphasize that a college education is more than merely a ticket to whatever job a student desires.

Crime and College

A question that must be answered is: Is the role of the college to provide simply a means to a good job, or a way to a good life? What is the impact of a college education on personal growth? How does college affect social responsibility, family practices, ability to use leisure time, and the like?

While 54 per cent of the men and 36 per cent of the women in a 1974 survey of college freshmen considered it important to be well-off financially, approximately 60 per cent thought it important to develop a philosophy of life, over 50 per cent thought it important to raise a family, and over 33 per cent thought it important to keep up with political affairs. Considering this, the college experience cannot be

Mr. Solmon is executive officer of the Higher Education Research Institute in Los Angeles. His books include Male and Female Graduate Students: The Question of Equal Opportunity *and* Does College Matter?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called a failure merely because not all graduates find jobs directly related to their majors.

Furthermore, there are also a number of functions which—although the relationship has been more frequently verbalized than quantified—it seems reasonable to assume that post-secondary education performs. Democracy, for example, is more likely to flourish in an educated society, violent crime is likely to be lower, gross national product is likely to be higher.

Even in the days when fewer young people attended college, many graduates still took jobs that did not specifically tie in with their college training. The space program was largely staffed not by new graduates, but by scientists and technicians who had worked in other fields when labor demands in science were low. Easier access to college means more people are contending for the relatively few major-related jobs. But whatever their hireability, those with more education have broadened their perspectives, expanded their capacity for involvement in the political process, and increased their appreciation of the arts.

Sinks and Philosophers

In considering the impact of college, society must acknowledge that some work requires manual skills. But rather than arguing that certain groups should be sent to vocational school and others to college, or on the other hand that this decision perpetuates a class system, the post-secondary sector should teach a variety of skills, vocational and intellectual, to all participants. The plumber should be able to enjoy opera, and the philosopher to fix his drainpipe.

To get its "dirty work" done, society must redefine manual tasks—non-intellectual tasks—as necessary and valuable rather than dirty. Some critics may be surprised to find that many people in "non-thinking" jobs are satisfied with their lives. Blue-collar workers do not generally bring their problems home. A clear distinction between the work and leisure life may well attract educated people to jobs that are now considered "undesirable."

Thus we return again to the question: What is a good job? Only 8 per cent of those in middle-level administration who graduated with arts and humanities majors are satisfied with their jobs. Yet 64 per cent of those with bachelor's degrees in the social sciences and 87 per cent of those with degrees in history are satisfied with middle-level administration. Similarly, only 11 per cent of those with a bachelor's in English who are communications specialists are satisfied with their jobs, but 70 per cent of those with a degree in the social sciences are satisfied.

One standard measure of a "good" job, of course, is salary level. Some critics now challenge this, maintaining that a job is not good, regardless of salary, if it does not provide on-the-job intellectual or social stimulation, in the form of special training, employee libraries, social clubs, and what not. Amenities cost money, however, and there has to be a trade-off between salary and costly fringe-benefits.

Another definition of a good job might be one that helps people to achieve their goals; but it can be awfully hard to get realistic statements of people's goals. A young man may be unwilling to admit to the crass objective of making money, for example; but when he has to choose between a job with current or future high-income prospects and a job with other attractions, he may choose the job that pays. What's more, even if jobs could be tailored to help individuals achieve personal goals, goals can change as individuals mature, gain experience, and accumulate responsibilities.

Again, many people think high-status jobs are good jobs: but by whose definition of status? When intellectuals discuss blue-collar jobs, they are viewing them from outside. But unions, for example, have developed hierarchies that include foremen and other administrators, so that individuals on the assembly line can have job status within their own group even though their jobs are not viewed as high-status by the outside world. Perhaps in addition certion decisions on procedures and operations could be given to workers in low-status jobs to increase their own perception of their job's worth—and incidentally to get the decisions made by the people who are best acquainted with the problems.

Other components of a good job are internal characteristics that can appear in almost any work situation. Jobs that have flexible hours, congenial work relationships, and variety rather than repetition, and that allow workers to define their own tasks within reason, are by this criterion good jobs. These characteristics have tended to be associated with high-salary, high-status jobs, but there is no reason why more jobs couldn't be restructured along these lines. Do college graduates prefer high-salary, high-status jobs because of the salary and status, or because these jobs have variety, flexibility, and independence?

Moving up the Ladder

A solution to the problem of bright people in less intellectual jobs could be found in the relationship between work and leisure. There is nothing to keep a person with a routine job from spending non-working hours in intellectual pursuits. Hence, one definition of a "good job" might be a job where you can earn an adequate living without working too hard, which would leave you with ample time and energy to enjoy your leisure.

Or a "good job" may be one that allows a person to apply his intelligence to his tasks. An electrician trying to figure out how to rewire a house is clearly engaged in productive thought, whether or not the ivory-tower types would recognize it as such. If the *process* of thinking became respectable, rather than just thinking about certain things, many necessary jobs could be redefined as good jobs.

Jobs with upward mobility are considered good jobs. Most business enterprises have allowed people in certain jobs to move up the ladder, whereas other jobs are dead-ends: office boys with a bachelor's degree are called junior trainees; those without it are called messengers. But if *all* employees were eligible for promotions, there would be no intrinsically dead-end jobs. This does not mean that everyone has some sort of *right* to a promotion, but it does mean that no one with the necessary ability would be denied promotion because of an arbitrary job classification. Dead-end jobs are not the educational system's problem; they are the result of the formalism and traditionalism of the business world. Thus if business finds too few individuals willing to take "bad" jobs and the educational system finds too few jobs for its graduates, the two between them could go a long way toward solving the problem: business could redefine jobs and review in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dividuals for promotion regardless of title, while educators could encourage people to begin in low-status jobs with the promise of possible future promotion.

Matchmaking

"Full utilization of skills" is another criterion of a good job: where skills are fully utilized, where workers and jobs are matched, the jobs are good for the workers and the workers are good for the jobs. Logical—but difficult to measure. The Occupational Handbook of the Bureau of Labor Statistics periodically describes jobs in the United States and their minimum educational requirements. But little attempt is made to see whether the minimum educational requirements listed have anything to do with the skills required for the job.

In a literal approach to matching education and jobs, researchers tend to look at a person's college major and at his job category to determine if man and job are matched. For example, if an accounting major is working as an accountant, he is automatically classified as having a matched job. But, according to our utilization study, 80 per cent of business administration majors who work as accountants think they are in closely related jobs; while only 70 per cent who do administrative work and 72 per cent who own businesses think they are in closely related jobs.

This becomes, then, a very subjective matter. Individuals who use their skills, work at a professional level, and are well paid are most likely to believe they are using their education, regardless of whether there is a clear relationship between the substance of their college courses and the tasks they perform.

Whether a job was taken voluntarily (selected though other desirable options were available) or involuntarily (because preferred jobs were unavailable) may also determine whether its holder considers it a "good job."

It is assumed that individuals in jobs related to their training are more satisfied than those in unrelated jobs, but this does not necessarily hold. In our utilization survey, for example, 60 per cent of the graduates who are in related jobs say they are satisfied with those jobs; 55 per cent in somewhat related jobs say they are satisfied; and 52 per cent in unrelated jobs say they are satisfied. Regardless of the relationship of job to major, fewer than one in ten is actively dissatisfied. The whole premise of the education-work partnership is that those using their training are more satisfied and earn more. But it appears from our study that whether or not one explicitly uses one's education on the job does not, other things being equal, significantly affect one's job satisfaction or one's income.

Hire the Educated

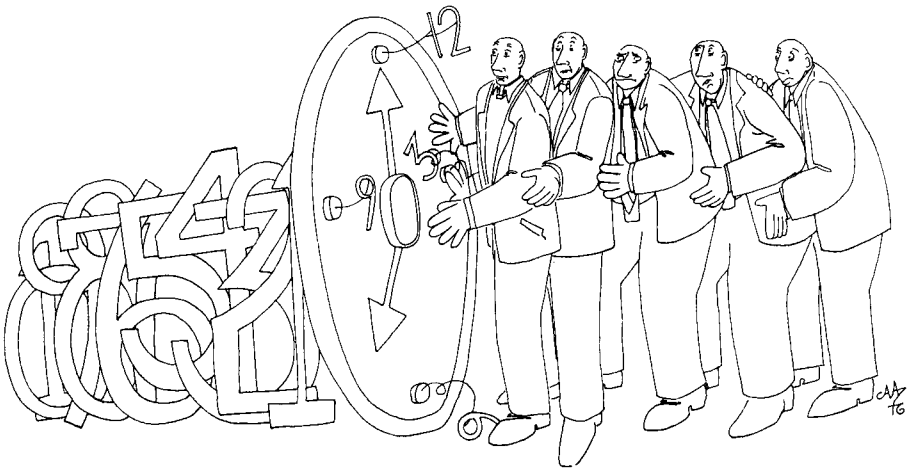
When there is more than one applicant for a job, an employer must attempt to differentiate by using criteria relevant to success in the job. Employers have tended to believe that the relevant criteria included sex, race, age, and education. But now these are being legislated out as hiring criteria. If age, sex, and race are illegal criteria, one may assume that someone feels they are irrelevant to the ability to perform a particular job. Some critics would place individual educational credentials in this same category of irrelevant criteria.

The validity of an educational credential as a criterion for hiring depends on whether educated people are, indeed, more productive. Research on worker productivity has shown that educational attainment is indeed a significant factor. Unfortunately, the measure of productivity has usually been earnings. It has not been demonstrated whether those with more education are paid more because they are more productive, or because employers discriminate unjustly in favor of those with more education (although the presumption is with the former). What one must keep in mind is that the more educated tend to possess many useful traits, even when their specific studies are not of themselves useful. Even if the college degree is the result and not the cause of this, college graduates tend to be more motivated, persistent, ambitious, and hard-working, all traits that enhance on-the-job productivity.

Perhaps, rather than eliminating educational level as a screen, we should develop more detailed educational credentials. Employers should consider not only the degree held but also the standing of the institution from which it was obtained. If we could show that graduates of certain institutions or with certain majors are more productive because they possess characteristics required for graduation from those institutions or by those disciplines, we could refine educational credentials to provide a more accurate estimate of productivity.

Employers should never rely totally on educational attainment as a hiring criterion, but it can be used with other screening devices, such as personal interviews. After all, even if educational credentials were totally ignored, the same individuals would probably get the jobs, because they would possess more of the productive traits associated with achievement in higher education. This is particularly true as access to college (to good colleges particularly) expands.

The problem is not that the wrong people are getting the good jobs, but that there are too few jobs that people view as good. As long as applicants outnumber jobs, some means of discriminating among them must be employed, and educational achievement is one useful criterion. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEVENTEEN YEARS LATER

Cuba's Samizdat

FRANK CALZON

"THE JUST AND HUMAN time is coming," the renowned Cuban poet Heberto Padilla wrote in 1959, at the beginning of what seemed a triumph of hope for his native land, free at last from the grip of dictatorship: "Dreamer of the stern pupil, destroy your den of fear." Seventeen years later, after having caused a major rift between Fidel Castro and the international intellectual community, Padilla is a "non-person," closely watched by the authorities, earning a living as a translator, the same profession sometimes allowed Soviet writers in disgrace.

Padilla's conversion from enthusiastic supporter of Castro to saddened critic of the revolutionary process is well-known. His "confession," after a month's solitary confinement, provoked sixty intellectuals, Susan Sontag, Jean-Paul Sartre, Octavio Paz, and Simone de Beauvoir among them, to express their "shame and anger" in a letter to Fidel Castro. Padilla's confession, they said, "could have been obtained only by methods which are the negation of legality and revolutionary justice."

In his reply of April 1971, Fidel Castro denounced Cuban writers who had developed "snobbish, servile, decadent art," and went on to take issue with their intellectual defenders: "Now you know it—bourgeois intellectuals, and bourgeois libelers, agents of the CIA—you will not be allowed to come to Cuba . . . Our doors will remain closed for an indefinite time . . ."

Since then, some of the evidence against Padilla—his poems—has been smuggled out and published abroad. "Sometimes it is necessary and unavoidable for one man to die for his people," begins one poem, "but never should a whole people die for one man." In "New Looks through Old Keyholes" he wrote:

Through the keyhole I once again see
the sad ideologist with his nylon tongue,
the arrogant dullness of the Marxist
Manual glittering like a missal, the
executioners' impatient glance . . .
After that comes the toughest point:
the strategy, the tactics to crack
open the door.

Castro's speech ended this particular fight. The international luminaries shut up. But the Padilla affair was a point of departure. Younger dissident writers in Cuba have launched their own *Samizdat* movement, surprising those who had ascribed Padilla's dissidence to his age and had supposed that the younger generation of writers, those educated under Castro, would be docile supporters of the Revolution.

AS IN THE Soviet Union, all the Cuban *Samizdat* needs is a typewriter and carbon paper, and a few trusted friends who are willing to copy and distribute underground poems. The risks are great, as evidenced by a collection of prison poems recently smuggled out of Cuba.

Among those in prison today is Miguel Sales, a 24-year-old poet who has spent nearly five years in political prisons. Sales was 17 when he was caught attempting to leave the island on a small boat. He was released from prison four years later and married shortly thereafter. In 1974 he succeeded in escaping from Cuba, bringing with him more than a hundred *Samizdat* short stories and poems. Three months later he returned to Cuba in an unsuccessful attempt to rescue his wife and three-year-old daughter. He was captured and sentenced to 25 years in prison. Some of the poems in his prize-winning collection *Celular* are dedicated to fellow prisoners who died in jail. In one, Sales describes an execution by firing squad: "they say with time one gets used to it . . ."

In a letter recently smuggled out of prison he writes about beatings and prison life in general. Still, he concludes on a hopeful note: "Our time will come in spite of those who have forgotten us . . . that hope is the air that sustains us, the blood that moves our hearts, the promise that goes on in the tender bones of our children . . ."

The new poets speak not only about oppression and executions: they speak also as the harbingers of a new rebellion. It has often been so in Cuba. Beginning with José Maria Heredia (1842-1905), Cuba's national poet and an early conspirator against Spanish rule, Cuban poets have served as weathercocks. Cuba's foremost patriot, the organizer of the final struggle against Spanish rule, José Marti, was not only a major Cuban poet, but also one of the precursors of the modernist movement in Latin American literature. Marti wrote with haunting intensity about the island's suffering under colonial rule.

It is this relationship between poetry and politics in Cuba's troubled history that explains Castro's harsh response to the Padilla affair.

"AT THE BEGINNING there was Castro . . ." reads the first paragraph of an unfinished book by a youthful novelist writing shortly after Castro came to power. Times have changed. Cuban youngsters have been sent to workcamps for refusing to volunteer for service in Angola; and the once romantic rebel army, where the highest rank was that of major, now has its colonels and generals.

The revolutionary leadership is middle-aged. One of the most famous underground poems rings ominously in Fidel Castro's ears:

Beware of those who grow in
obscurity
and carry worlds underneath their
eyelids . . .
Beware of those who did not see you
make the
earth, or distribute worlds, or
punish angels.
Those unaware of your beards'
mythology who
have not seen the death rays flowing
from your rifles . . . □

Until recently, the Cuban-born Mr. Calzon was a consultant for the Organization of American States. His articles have appeared in the Chicago Tribune, Dissent, *and* Krisis. *He is the co-editor of* Poetry and Politics in Cuba: The Padilla Affair.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Opportunity

If the Supreme Court continues to hand down rulings of the same caliber as some of those it has already produced in this decade, Christians will be afforded a singular opportunity to reassert their religious beliefs, an opportunity the like of which has never yet existed in America. Even without any further rulings, the opportunity is almost here. Briefly, it consists of a socio-political condition in which the laws of the land not only give no support, directly or indirectly, to the religious principles and moral system of Christianity, but in fact read into the body of citizens' rights the specific right to violate those principles and that system—in the name of the law.

Consider, for example, the family, in the light of Supreme Court rulings on abortion since 1973. At one time, the essence of the Christian family ideal was embodied in a Sacrament, administered by the partners to each other, in which each gave the other exclusive rights over himself or herself. Each family member—husband, wife, and eventual child—had authority, values, and functions that were distinct and yet intrinsically related to the authority, values, and functions of the other two: the authority and functions of the parents in guarding the moral well-being of their child; the value of the unborn child as a human being from the time of conception, and therefore his right to expect protection from his parents, especially, but not only, when still *in utero*; the value of the husband as father, and therefore his authority, shared with the mother, over the future of their child.

These rights and obligations are perceptible only from the Christian perspective, which defines the human being and married love on the basis of Jesus' revelation. Up to the beginning of the Seventies, the laws of this land did not merely facilitate the observance of these rights and obligations; the laws consciously anchored their roots in the ground of Christian morality.

Then the situation was swiftly and radically altered. In 1973, it was laid down that abortion during the first three months of pregnancy could not be prevented by state law. This year, the Supreme Court ruled that a woman does not need her husband's consent to abort their child, and that a woman under 18 (still legally a child herself) does not need her parents' consent to obtain an abortion. These and other decisions remove from civil law the protective framework that aided mightily in preserving Christian moral practice. Of course, certain religious groups—notably some Roman Catholics—have reacted strongly. But even the most sanguine observer must conclude that these efforts of themselves will probably not succeed in overturning the recent rulings. Rather, the probabilities appear to be diametrically opposite.

In condemning state laws that entitled a husband to prevent his wife from aborting their child, the Court argued that "the state itself lacks that right" (and, therefore, cannot give it to the husband). In the case of an unmarried pregnant minor, the Court argued that the state has no absolute veto over the abortion of her child (and, therefore, cannot give such authority to her parents). The conclusion is inevitable: neither has the state any right to ban homosexual or polygamous or zoophiliac marriages, suicide, euthanasia minor, or, when push comes to shove, euthanasia major.

We are witnessing here the pathos and the helplessness and the ultimate inanity of human law when it is bereft of guidance from Divine revelation. It cannot then recognize an authority higher than existent law; it will respond to prevalent *mores* and socio-political pressures. If the Supreme Court had been asked to decide the case of *People* v. *Cain*, it would surely have declared that it lacked the precedent and the right to condemn fratricide.

This new situation is obviously not a happy one. But out of it comes the new opportunity for Christians. In the words of their enemies and critics, Christians have had it too good, too long. From America's early days, Christianity powerfully influenced law and legal interpretation. That era is now over. The main emphasis in Church policy should now be on renewing Christians' knowledge of their own beliefs and on re-establishing their practice of Christian morality.

Many Christians—including many Church authorities—may not at first like this plan of action. In the Sixties and Seventies, they were led to consider social action as the method of maintaining faith. The beliefs of their religion took second place. Clergy nowadays speak of man, woman, and child, of human society and destiny, in the language of psychologists, anthropologists, and sociologists. Not surprisingly, clerical authority is flouted and ecclesiastical guidance is neglected as never before.

Churchmen have, as they have always had, *only* moral authority. Abandoning that authority, they can only take their chances as just another stall in the marketplace. Their recent perfervid bids to be part of that marketplace, and their commensurate abandonment of their specifically priestly roles, are in large part responsible for the effectiveness of the attacks against the moral base of American law and society in our time. Those charged with moral defense were at the wrong ramparts.

Yet it is not too late. If they can find the grace and the courage to trust in and exercise—undiluted—only that same moral authority that has always been theirs, they will once again place themselves and their fellow Christians in the position best described by the lawyer Gamaliel. He told the Jerusalem Council, which had had Peter and his companions arrested for preaching the Gospel: "If this [the Christian belief and practice] is a human invention, it will fail. If it is of God, you will have no power to overthrow it." By living their faith, without fear, without doubt, and without any favors under the law, Christians will again vindicate the truth of their religion. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Praying in Public

RUSSELL KIRK

IN THE SUMMER of 1962, the Supreme Court of the United States ruled that the simple prayer recited in the schools of Hyde Park, Long Island, breached the Sacred Wall of Separation between Church and State. Since then, prayers have been hounded out of most public schools of this land, though some school districts remain obdurate.

When the schools of Long Island opened in September 1962, a teacher named Annette Yvonne Cecile Courtemanche—now Mrs. Russell Kirk—informed her students that thereafter they might not pray at the beginning of the school day. Few of those pupils had displayed much enthusiasm for public prayer previously; but at this news they waxed indignant. "Not pray? Who says we can't pray?" For some few weeks the students conducted their own opening prayer, their teacher being forbidden to lead them; but gradually this defiance of Official Secularism waned and presently vanished altogether.

Opposing

And for a while, public indignation at the Supreme Court's anti-prayer decision was hot. A movement for a constitutional amendment to guarantee the right of public prayer got under way; for several years Senator Everett Dirksen led that movement in Congress. But never did the pro-prayer people win a majority in either Senate or House. After Senator Dirksen's death, the advocates of public prayer had a still harder row to hoe.

Yet the public-prayer movement grows vigorous nowadays. Christian rhetoric ornaments the speeches of Mr. Jimmy Carter, and many another eminent politician discovers that (Jefferson's letter to the Dey of Tunis notwithstanding) the United States remains a Christian nation. Opposition to abortion, on Christian grounds, has become the hottest issue of the presidential contest in 1976.

So the friends of public prayer, taking heart again, are at work compelling politicians to take a stand on their proposed constitutional amendment. The most active organization in this field (though lacking money and close-knit structure) is Citizens for Public Prayer (3004 Adams Street, N.E., Washington, D.C.); its national coordinator is the Reverend Robert G. Howes—who, besides being a clergyman, is a poet and an authority on urban planning.

Citizens for Public Prayer quote the New York Board of Regents' defense of the "Regents' Prayer," which the Supreme Court struck down 14 years ago: "We believe that thus the school will fulfill its high function of supplementing the training of the home, ever intensifying in the child that love for God, for parents, and for home which is the mark of true character-training and the sure guarantee of a country's welfare." They ask all candidates for the offices of President, Vice President, senator, and representative to endorse explicitly the proposed prayer amendment.

"We fight to fulfill the overwhelming will of the American people," Father Howes and his associates say, "and, in the process, to enable a great national revival, as, in fifty state capitals, the proposed prayer amendment is debated and ratified." To Christians, Jews, and others who believe that our civil social order is religious at base (as did Justice Joseph Story and other high authorities on the Constitution), Citizens for Public Prayer urge four courses of action:

First, advocates of public prayer should "introduce and pass resolutions in support of a prayer amendment in every group"—PTA chapters, social and civic clubs, church groups, labor and business organizations. These resolutions should be sent to Congress.

Second, raise the subject in letters to editors and on television and radio talk-shows.

Third, visit clergymen and church leaders, asking that they endorse, preach for, and lobby for the prayer amendment.

Fourth, form coherent local pro-amendment organizations, to brighten the corners where they are and correspond with the national pro-prayer lobbies.

Few members of Congress candidly declare themselves in opposition to public prayer, but most of them wind up voting against such proposals. Among the more vigorous senatorial friends of school prayer are Senators Richard Schweiker and Jesse Helms. The public-prayer people hope to re-elect such public men and to defeat such inveterate foes of prayer as Representative John Brademas of Indiana.

Preserving

Meanwhile, local school boards in many states continue to endeavor to preserve some sort of religious instruction in the public schools; not a few still encourage prayer, Supreme Court or no Supreme Court, on the principle of "render unto Caesar . . ." In the Camden-Frontier school district, in southern Michigan, the local board struggles with the state department of public instruction. For several years, the Camden-Frontier schools have invited an evangelical group to offer prayer and ethical instruction for brief periods, every month; the state of Michigan now, rather gingerly, tries to put a stop to this. (Had Camden-Frontier called the program "values orientation," probably the state authorities would have left the district untormented.) Were the matter put to public vote, doubtless the Camden-Frontier school board would win.

I find it curious that though the Pledge of Allegiance speaks of "one nation under God," federal courts forbid schools to invoke the Deity. I do not wonder that schools which ignore God—and so are unable to answer ultimate questions—fall victim to the Grand Anarch. In 1776, the members of the Continental Congress implored the blessings of divine Providence upon themselves and their posterity. In 1976, the members of the Congress would like to sweep such uncomfortable questions under the rug.

Nevertheless, the prayer controversy will not go away, any more than will the abortion controversy or the busing controversy. The state of our public schools being what it is, prayer seems to be their best hope. Congress opens with prayer: why can't schools? Citizens for Public Prayer will know the reason why. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

A Day at the Races

OTB: it babysits our old. You find these same people at bars in Sunnyside and Astoria, or on an upper Broadway park bench, or queueing for good seats outside that free entertainment center, the Bronx Criminal Court. But they can't sit at OTB. On their feet from 10 to 6: how water must build up in arteriosclerotic legs and ankles. And eyeglasses: except for an occasional welding gang I've never seen so many pairs of eyeglasses. They have pocket magnifiers as well: these make one orb seem bugged and mad. It's the fine print in racing forms: 17Jun76-8 Bel fm $1^{1/16}$ Ⓣ : $46^{3/5}$ 1:$10^{1/5}$ 1:$41^{1/5}$ 3↑ 9 4 3^{1} 1^{hd} $2^{1/2}$ $5^{3\ 1/2}$. For all I know those could be the head-to-tail measurements of a glutted python. They gather here every day, six days per week: clubbable folk, friends. Their coloring is the wan grey/white you note in retarded children. Molars are long gone and one incisor of three. Noses pocked like rotten sandstone. They don't, can't, bet *much, but the kibitzing is first-rate* stuff.

"Vengeance in the seventh."

"Are you kidding? Last time the jockey finished two lengths ahead of him. Bold Needle, jerk."

"That schlemiel? He's got the American Legion disease, didn't you hear?"

"Horses aren't in the American Legion."

"Where he finishes, he might as well be in the Foreign Legion. Listen, Murphy: Vengeance won easy at Aqueduct —by the length of my schwantz."

"By the length of your schwantz, Max? It musta been a photo-finish."

Mano's ulcer rule: pick just one horse and stick with him like the glue he should probably be made into. Second guesses will reupholster your stomach lining with blood and gall. Bad enough to be p.o.'d at a horse; no sense being p.o.'d at yourself also. On line I keep hearing, "El Tango. El Tango can't miss." I hesitate; I feel stupid. But I've already filled out my slip for Don't Believe It, which I shouldn't have. Believed it. Everyone is itchy for the hot tip. Our civilization presumes that all things are finagled by a little man somewhere who will whisper hot tips to three or four special people. It's who you know. The Christian doctrine of revelation has been reduced to that.

"What you hear about Hot And Tired?" A very large black man has approached me. I can't not do it to him: I recall the description of Petruchio's wretched horse.

"Hot And Tired?" I laugh. "Just between you and me, he's full of windgalls, sped with spavins, troubled with the lampass, shoulder-shotten, and—worst of all—begnawn with the bots."

"Yeah? You know the trainer or something?" I nod. "Man, I got twenty on that hoss. This OTB is a nowhere operation. Now if I was up at the track, I'd've seen all them bots right *off*."

Max has his system. Points for everything: sex and the single horse, lunar phases, whether or not a jock had his hair cut yesterday. Max's pencil is stubbier than .38 caliber bullets are. "See? Understand?" I don't. I'm not shrewd at math—I need a CPA to read the bathroom scale—and now, spangled with pencil jots, my racing form could be Bernie Kornfeld's bank statement. Max is seventy or so. A retired Bronx grocer. Not much difference between standing all day at some OTB table and standing all day to slice quarter-pounds of salami. He will hold court; a maven. Many swear by Max; others bet against him out of pique. But Max himself won't bet. He sighs. "I have a disease. The favorite disease. No matter what my system says I'd have to go with the favorite. I've lost my guts."

Max has a protégé: Lucky Lee. Lucky Lee bets. "I learned it all from Max with one or two embellishments of my own. Poor Max, he's gone. When he was young, before he figured out the system, Max dropped a lot of money. He's still shell-shocked. It's a shame, man." Lee is 24, black, and gainfully unemployed. In high school he was an honors math student. "I don't take notes, it's all up here." Lee points at his Afro, as if it were a huge adjunct to the cerebrum. His memory is prodigious: breed lines, jockey statistics, best times. "I make a very good living: very good. I hit a $16,000 triple back a few months ago. My bank account is fat. Someday I'll own a stable. I ain't never working for nobody but myself." I'm skeptical. The horses can't be beat: we all know that. I challenge Lee. "Okay. I've lost six in a row, give me the seventh, eighth, and ninth." Lee does. And, damn it, every one a winner.

Success with women aside, no attribute ornaments a man more, in our society, than consistent good fortune at games of chance. I'm fascinated: Lee will insist that I call him Lucky Lee—though his achievements are founded on complex logic. Luck is the emblem of a shaman. Hard work is somehow contemptible. Did Moses work hard to find the burning bush? He was lucky, special. A woman with four shopping bags has come in. "Where's Lucky Lee? Quick. I need a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tip." Three black boys pool their change: enough for one $2 bet. Lee advises them. They thank him, awed, on the way out. It's power: it's probably worth more to the esteem than a $16,000 triple.

Five o'clock. The commuters drag in. Time for one bet at Monticello, then the 5:15 or the 5:35 will frog-march them to Ridgewood, wherever. They seem furtive. And overdressed. It isn't proper to be serious; seriousness is beneath them. "I'm taking J & B in the Daily Double. I've been drinking it all afternoon." There will be light enough to mow lawns. And mix a martini for the same wife. Insurance is paid up. The corporation has made very honorable pension arrangements. One bet. It's just about the only risk that this, our exhausted pioneering stock, has left. □

SPORT

JEFFREY HART

Where the Money Is

Given the atmosphere recently in international sports, one notable thing about the U.S. Open Tennis Tournament at Forest Hills was the complete absence of politics. In a curious way, professionalism—money, and lots of it—may be purifying big-time tennis.

Consider, by way of contrast, the following item, a new high in chutzpah, which appeared even as the Open Tournament was getting under way:

> *Moscow*, Aug. 31 (AP)—The Soviet Union refused today to play Chile, its scheduled opponent, in the interzone semi-finals of the Davis Cup tennis tournament, expressing "indignation with the horrible crimes committed by the Chilean military junta."

Yet here, at Forest Hills, one could gaze upon the Soviets' Number One player, Alex Metrevelli, and his partner, Taimuraz Kakulia (another Russian), playing doubles unprotestingly against the brothers Fillol of, yes, Chile. Horrible crimes or no horrible crimes. The Armitraj brothers of India were here despite the presence of Chilean and even South African players. In the finals of the women's doubles, Ilana Kloss and little Linky Boshoff of South Africa defeated Soviet Number One Olga Morozova and the elegant Virginia Wade of Britain—a superb stylist who seems fated to be a perpetual runner-up.

To cap it all off, one of the best men's matches of the tournament was a third-rounder between Jan Kodes of Czechoslovakia and Frew McMillan. Kodes, who won at Wimbledon two years ago, is a physically powerful and relentless baseliner who plays without much aesthetic flair. Frew McMillan is a tall player of languid movements who wears a white peaked cap à la 1906 and hits with two hands off both sides, often scorching the lines. Kodes was lucky to survive. McMillan comes from South Africa, but Kodes didn't seem to notice.

Why this sudden burst of political ecumenism? I conclude that it is worth more to the Soviets to keep these players in the tournament than to pull them out as a political gesture. Not only worth more in prize money. Rather, the Soviets are aware that the huge stakes and brilliant field make this a supremely important sporting event. The Soviets will drop out of the Davis Cup on Friday and play against the Chileans on Saturday at Forest Hills because the Davis Cup is no longer important.

As a spectacle, the Open Tournament proved to be utterly magnificent. As a junior tennis player I practically grew up at the West Side Tennis Club, and the amateur National Championship was always an important event for us. I recall practically every crucial game of great matches between Tom Brown and Frank Parker, Billy Talbert and Eric Sturgess, Pancho Gonzales and Ted Schroeder, Jack Kramer and Tom Brown. These were players of great stature, moreover, and I am not at all certain that they would have lost to current stars Connors, Nastase, and Borg.

But it is also clear that between the end of World War II and the commencement of "open"—that is, professional—tennis, the game existed in a kind of interregnum. It had lost the older *haut bourgeois* atmosphere of Anglo-Saxon style, and it had not gained the mass appeal that now gives it a different kind of excellence. It had no inherent ethos or rationale. Billy Talbert once remarked to me, for example, that tennis was not attracting enough "real athletes." It is now, baby, and a top athlete can earn more in tennis than he can in any sport except professional boxing at the heavyweight level. The stars of professional football are peons in comparison. People like Connors earn hundreds of thousands in prize money alone and travel with bodyguards.

I have mixed feelings about the disappearance of grass as the surface from all the major events except Wimbledon. Grass adds one mode of subtlety. It is like playing on a good carpet. Tilden, the game's greatest genius, thus put a good deal of stress on various spin shots, taking a little off, putting a little on, making the ball do tricks. The old grass-court tournament circuit leading up to Forest Hills was a thing of elegance: Newport Casino, Seabright, South Orange, Southampton, with time out for the National Doubles Championship at, appropriate title, the Longwood Cricket Club. My own forehand, developed on grass and hit with a so-called continental grip, is a sort of embarrassment on the higher-bouncing surfaces, and I resent them.

Grass, however, cannot sustain tennis as a mass sport. Even at Wimbledon, with that English grass and that favorable climate, the courts deteriorate. At the very highest level and, now, with a field of a hundred or more first-rate players, you really cannot hold a major tournament on grass. Often, everything depends on a dozen or so key points. It is just too much to allow bad bounces to determine who is the best in the world. Wimbledon very likely will not go to clay or hard surface. The British would have fought on the beaches, and they will probably continue to fight at Wimbledon amid the sand patches and the divots.

CHRIS EVERT and Jimmy Connors are now, in tennis, where, as some say, it's at. Evert first emerged at age 16 and defeated France's Françoise Durr in a famous match. She was then a mere child, a matchstick of a girl, with a pigtail tied in a yellow ribbon. At 16, she made the semi-finals. Now, at 21, bigger and stronger—but neither in comparison with most of her opponents—she is approaching athletic maturity. She must be one of the most formidable woman athletic presences of all time. Women's tennis has not lagged behind men's tennis in qualitative development. Contrary to a lot of comment, the

Jeffrey Hart *is a professor of English at Dartmouth and a good sport.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

women's field at Forest Hills was not shallow. Evert would have done to many previous champions what she did in the finals—6-3, 6-0—to Evonne Goolagong.

Chris Evert does not have outstanding athletic gifts in most respects. A dozen or more women in the tournament were physically stronger and much faster. Goolagong, on any objective scale, has greater gifts. Evert does it with total concentration, which yields perfect timing. That concentration, like a computer in the mind, positions her for each shot. Because of that, she does not have to run all that much. The other player is running. Evert actually defeated a fine British player, Glynis Coles, 6-0, 6-0. Coles, who lost to Evert early, could have been a quarter- or semi-finalist in an earlier day. She remarked after the match: "Nothing like that has ever happened to me."

ABOUT THE men's tournament, only superlatives are possible. It presented one of the strongest fields ever assembled.

Ilie Nastase, the *enfant terrible*, is an athletic genius, but he uses bad behavior consciously as a way of terrorizing his opponents. In my opinion, he deliberately chooses to give free rein to his "madness," much as Hitler or Khrushchev used to do. It works. His opponents are thrown off balance, and after his obscenities and tantrums in the Pohmann match, linesmen were giving him the benefit of the doubt, anything to avoid more scenes and near-riot. I predict, however, that some time soon Nastase will physically assault his opponent on the court, instead of after the match in the clubhouse, as he did Pohmann. My advice: all Nastase opponents should equip themselves with a steel racket, and when he attacks them they should hit him with it on the forehead and drive it down to his shoulder blades.

Bjorn Borg is a very great player and an athletic phenomenon. His heart beats at 40 per minute, practically saurian. He tends to gather speed, getting better and better as the match proceeds. He does not seem to care much whether he loses the first set. In the second round, he was down 5-3 in the final set to Jaime Fillol of Chile, also a great player. Next, he almost lost to Brian Gottfried. But Borg is relentless and plays his best in a crisis. He was not, however, quite relentless enough to prevail over another and even greater player, Jimmy Connors. □

TRAVEL

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Lazing It Through Languedoc

Toulouse is the third largest city in France, Carcassonne one of its major tourist attractions. Tonight we are tied up halfway between the two along the still (and murky) waters of the Canal du Midi; no signs of civilization to be seen, lying as we do in the protective cocoon of the canal banks. Now in the fading minutes of daylight we stroll along the towpath, the light filtering through the tall plane trees (sycamores) that border the canal on either side. The fishermen have folded their aluminum chairs and gone home to dinner. A pair of ducks and their half-grown ducklings skitter away from the bank, roiling the water. It was warm today,

hot enough so that we welcomed the brightly striped umbrellas that were raised on the deck of our converted coal barge, but tonight it has cooled off. There is no sound other than the breeze teasing the leaves above our heads: we hear no cars, no trains, no planes, but neither do we hear—except as the imagination evokes it—the cursing of the drivers and the braying of the mules that for two centuries or more pulled barges, not unlike in outward configuration the one in which we now luxuriate, along the twisting channel that connects the Atlantic to the Mediterranean.

One man's dream: Pierre Paul Riquet, collector of the King's salt tax. Was it on a tax-collecting mission that he perceived what generations from Roman days on had failed to see, that the waters needed to power a Canal des Deux-Mers, as it is also called, might lie in the Montagne Noire, twenty miles to the north? The waters were there. With a charter from Louis XIV, but with his own cash for the most part, Pierre Riquet started in 1666 to dig his canal and to build a great dam, the Bassin de St.-Ferréol, which, with the smaller and lovely Bassin de Lamy, collected the waters that still, some three hundred years later, fill the canal and its system of locks: 24 stepping up from Toulouse to the high point at the Col de Naurouze, and another 77 down to the sea again, but this time to the Mediterranean Sea, at Marseillan and Sète.

On the *Water Wanderers I* and *II*, which travel in tandem and accommodate 14 passengers, you're in slow motion: you, the sybaritic passengers—not the crew, which never stops working from the early morning mopping of the decks until after-dinner coffee is served at dusk: there are beds to be made, staterooms to be cleaned, potatoes to be peeled, meals to be cooked, locks to be opened, fresh apricot tarts to be baked, errands to be run, marketing to be done, early morning croissants to be picked up so fresh they come to table still warm from the baker's oven. The young crew, under the direction of Captain Norman Riddle and his wife, the resourceful and ever gracious Anna, are busy, cheerful, organized. (For further information one may write to Continental Waterways, 22 Hans Place, London SWI, England.)

We are quietly busy too. Our traveling hotel will go only ten to twelve miles a day—it is 61 miles from Toulouse to Carcassonne, and we will be six days in covering the distance. But we are never bored, never really still. A heavily laden barge, coming up from Marseillan with a load of salt, provides a moment's entertainment as it swings too wide around us at an S-turn and goes aground in the mud. As we edge around the next turn we see the crew—the hefty *pénichiste*, his hefty wife, and a hefty bearded son—still rocking themselves away from the bank with long, stout poles that every barge, including ours, carries: to a vulgar boatman accompaniment.

There are bikes on board, and the wide and well-kept towpaths shaded from the hot Languedoc sun by giant plane trees make for easy pedaling, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flat ground particularly attractive to middle-aged pedalers. My sister Jane and I take off one morning. The *Dépêche du Midi* which Paul, our Belgian friend, has picked up at Castelnaudary (pop. 10,844)—the *big* town between Toulouse and Carcassonne—had not occupied us for long. In truth we had found ourselves less interested in the main story, the prowess of the French athletes at Montreal, than in the prowess of a humble French motorist charged with the rape of a Dutch *autostoppiste*. He was, according to the victim's description, a double amputee! We pedal happily six or eight kilometers down the line past a couple of *écluses* (locks), stop at the third, park our bikes in front of the gaudy, untidy vegetable and flower garden at the lock-keeper's house—he'll keep an eye on them, he assures us—and walk up the hill through a half-deserted village, searching for the church whose steeple we had glimpsed from the towpath.

WE SCUFF down a dusty gravel path, too small for any car, skirt around the edge of the church through a field of nettles, push open the door, and step in. It is at once musty and cool, shiveringly cool after the hot sun: a small table for an altar, a bowl of artificial flowers, a handful of wax taper candles that slip down over iron cones, the lot crazy-quilted in light from the remaining shards of stained glass. Room perhaps for fifteen, twenty people. It was larger once, but now a rough wall has been thrown up across the nave; the other side is used as a stable. Back at the *écluse* we sit on the bridge watching a line of pleasure craft—sailboats with their masts strapped down on deck—pass through the ninety-foot-long locks.

A small baker's van drives across the bridge and stops by a line of houses. A blast of the horn. A tiny girl runs out, reaches high to hand the driver a coin, and he slides out two lengths of bread. Soon the roadside is crowded, old women, young women, boys and girls: bread for coin, bread for coin, bread for coin. Some hurry home. Others pause, clustering, chattering, laughing, deploring, long after the baker boy has driven off; and are still there as the *Water Wanderers*, with all of us now on board, the bicyclers and the hikers, sink out of sight, ten feet down to the next level of the canal. Gretchen Cook, a fellow passenger, catches the scene in a swift line-drawing. Miss Cook (of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts) needs no camera; her travel journals are sketch books filled with enchanted pen and ink drawings such as the one that adorns the preceding page.

Another day and it's into the minibus with us for a visit to Pierre Riquet's dam. First you see the great stone dam itself and then the garden built by Riquet for the delectation of future generations. Down into the gardens pour the waters from the dam over a cascading waterfall. They thunder into a small basin, are propelled upward again through fountain jets in a cool white-blue flume that rises almost as high as the dam itself. Only then do the waters fall back into the aqueduct that connects them to the canal at the Col de Naurouze, thence to flow both east and west, into the Mediterranean and (via the Garonne) the Atlantic.

Six days much the same, and yet very different. On the seventh, Jane and I take the express from Carcassonne to Toulouse to catch our plane out. The journey by train takes fifty minutes, barely time to glimpse the tower of the fourteenth century church of St. Michel at Castelnaudary. We spent one night in the quiet boat basin in the lower town looking up at that floodlit tower. Somewhere in the hills is the sixteenth century town of Sosèze with its half-timbered houses drowsing in the afternoon sun and the shell of the church Simon de Montford only three-quarters destroyed seven centuries back. Its bells still ring. No time as we clatter along the valley floor to look on the ruined towers and crazy slanted rooftops of Saissac. St. Papoul, with its quiet green and untended cloister, its Romanesque church and startling flamboyant Baroque main altar, is in the hills over there somewhere. Founded by Charlemagne, raised to a bishopric by an Avignon pope, sacked by the Burgundians, sold to a local luminary during the Revolution, St. Papoul has made the round trip from glory to desuetude: it is lovely and peaceful even in its semi-ruined state. A road sign tells us Bram is only a few kilometers away: Bram where we attended Saturday evening Mass and caught sight of a country wedding and the small, proud, perspiring ring-bearer in his heavy black velvet suit. The tiny town in which Jane and I explored the building half stable, half church—not so outlandish when one considers that it was in a stable that the church was born—has no name that we can recall. It is these and other small-s sights, sounds, and smells that canal travel is all about. □

LET HIM GROW WITH A QUESTAR

A child's wonder at the world about him can hold a promise, for many a scientist can remember that his present preoccupation with the universe began with an intense curiosity early in life.

Such a child will learn to master many tools, and the telescope, that prime tool of science, should be the first. A flawless tool is an extension of the mind and hand, and a fine telescope should combine such mechanical and optical perfection that it can serve for a lifetime and never become a frustration whatever the critical job at hand. Questar, the very finest, is such a tool and its lovely versatility adds an extra dimension to many fields: astronomy, of course, but also to disciplines that are terrestrial in nature. Whether it will be used for research, or simply for the pure enjoyment of observing wildlife, even indoors, perhaps, where its high powers can focus on the web-spinning of a house spider at a distance of ten feet, it is a gift for ever. And its easy portability can take it wherever one travels.

What other tool could you buy a child that not only would enchant and amuse him in his early awakening, but would continue to serve him all his life?

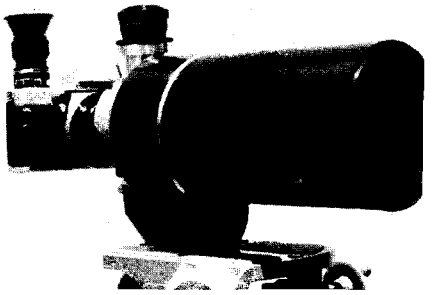
© Questar Corporation 1976

QUESTAR, THE WORLD'S FINEST, MOST VERSATILE TELESCOPE IS PRICED FROM $865. SEND FOR OUR BOOKLET IN FULL COLOR WITH 150 PHOTOGRAPHS BY QUESTAR OWNERS. $1 COVERS MAILING ON THIS CONTINENT; BY AIR, TO SOUTH AMERICA, $3.00; EUROPE AND NORTH AFRICA, $3.50; ELSEWHERE, $4.

QUESTAR

Box NATG, New Hope, Pa. 18938

The Standard Questar with its beautiful star chart is shown above. Below, the Field Model, with Olympus camera attached, is tripod mounted.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

In Uplifting, Get Underneath

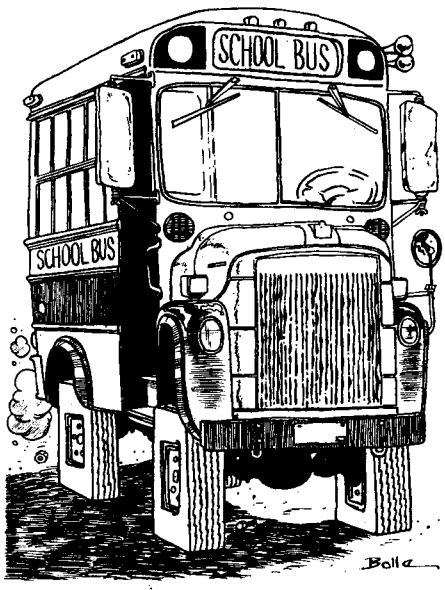
NATHAN GLAZER

Disaster by Decree: The Supreme Court Decisions on Race and the Schools
By Lino A. Graglia
Cornell University Press, 351 pp., $11.50

Lino A. Graglia, Professor of Constitutional Law at the University of Texas Law School, has written what to my mind should become the standard work on one of the most untoward and disastrous developments in American history: the transformation, over a period of fifteen years, of *Brown* v. *Board of Education, Topeka, Kansas*—a decision which had seemed on its face to ban the use of racial criteria in assigning students to the public schools—into a federal requirement that racial criteria be used in assigning students to those schools. The issue arising from that requirement is known as "busing," for one of the courts' outlandishly bold provisions has been that large numbers of children be transported, for purposes of racial balance, away from the neighborhood schools that they would otherwise most conveniently have attended.

This development is understandably incomprehensible to the majority of the American people and their elected representatives, but it derives from a peculiar characteristic of our constitutional system. One can understand a situation—we have experienced it—in which what the people and their representatives believe to be right is denied them by the courts in accordance with a higher law. Thus the courts—at a time when most Americans would have been delighted to ban atheists and Communists from teaching positions in the schools—imposed certain restraints derived from a principle that most Americans accept almost without discussion: "freedom of speech."

THE PROBLEM with the development of the law on school integration is that the government, in its attempts to explain why American children will not be educated in the schools their parents consider best for them, can no longer appeal to a fundamental principle accepted by most Americans in the South as well as the North and the West: the principle that the government should not discriminate among people on the basis of race. White parents know that the black child who attends the school to which their own child would normally be sent owes his attendance at that school to the fact of his being black, and that their own child owes his presence in another school to the fact of his being white. Black parents —and in most busing the majority of children riding the buses are black—often object, too, and with equally little effect.



Graglia provides a brilliant analysis of how the present situation came about. He analyzes each Supreme Court case since *Brown* that has dealt with the matter of race and education. He argues—I believe correctly—that the Court's main error since *Brown* was to become involved in supervising—or rather, in overseeing the supervision by the lower courts—of complex "desegregation plans" for situations to which a simple, popularly accepted principle was applicable: namely, that every child should, in the absence of compelling factors of education or convenience unrelated to race, be allowed to attend the school nearest him. Such was the principle adhered to in the Border States and in the District of Columbia. From it very few problems ensued; it created for a while a substantial degree of contact between the races and obviated an ocean of litigation.

Admittedly, had this principle been everywhere followed, it would still have left many black children in attendance at all-black, or nearly all-black, schools, and many whites in attendance at all-white, or nearly all-white, schools. But such a state of affairs ought not to have been considered an affront to the Constitution—any more than the fact that Italians, Jews, Poles, and Chinese have often attended schools composed almost entirely of members of their own ethnic groups—just so long as this homogeneity was not the result of state action taken to exclude students on the basis of their race or national origin.

Having accustomed themselves to the management of complex schemes of desegregation, the government's administrative agencies proceeded to pervert the Civil Rights Act of 1964. This Act was clear in its insistence that desegregation did not require any specific measure of racial balance: it required simply a ban on racial segregation by the states. But regulations had to be written to implement the Civil Rights

Nathan Glazer's *latest book is* Affirmative Discrimination. . . . **Rene Kuhn Bryant** *is a freelance literary critic and a regular contributor to* NR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here is our Credit Card

(use now-pay later)

1. You can use it to subscribe to NR now at this special introductory rate.

2. You might want to give an introductory gift subscription to some deserving friend at this low rate.

NATIONAL REVIEW SAVINGS COUPON

SUBSCRIBE NOW at one of these money saving rates*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

IF A GIFT, PLEASE ADD THE FOLLOWING:

Donor's Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ *PAYMENT ENCLOSED* ☐ *BILL ME LATER*

10 ISSUES $6.95
New Subscriptions only

20 ISSUES $12.95
☐ New
☐ Renewal

30 ISSUES $17.95
(60 weeks)
☐ New
☐ Renewal

(Single copy price: 75¢)

*** OR USE THIS CARD TO GIVE A GIFT TO A FRIEND**

3. Enter or renew your subscription for 20 big issues (gifts are fine too).

4. You may prefer to take advantage of the long-term money-saving rate here — it's good for both new and gift subscriptions.

5. NR makes a great gift idea — especially to students and young people.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM NOTES

■ ONE MORE FROM SEPTEMBER: In *Carter's Betrayal of the South* (Green Hill, $1.75), Jeffrey St. John warns that a Carter Presidency would be draped in imperial purple.

■ OCTOBER TITLES: The last years of the Stalin regime are the subject of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archipelago III* (Harper, $15). . . . Santa Barranza! Mr. Tom Wolfe's new book of essays on sex, art, the intellectualoids, etc. is entitled *Mauve Gloves & Madmen, Clutter & Vine* (Farrar, $8.95). . . . Anita Loos rolls her tongue appreciatively over a half-century of celebrity in *With a Cast of Thousands* (Grosset, $14.95). . . . Pretty soon you can buy Jeffrey Potter's *Men, Money, and Magic: The Candid Life Story of Dorothy Schiff* (Coward, McCann, $10). But the ebullient Mrs. Schiff couldn't wait to get into print, so we already know the worst. . . . Walter Heller's *The Economy: Old Myths and New Realities* (Norton, $8.95) is a collection of old *Wall Street Journal* pieces and a reworked speech to the American Economic Association, written in defense of the dismal profession. . . . *Falstaff* (Little, Brown, $8.95) is a novel in which the fat knight, *aet.* 81, offers a revisionist history of his career. The author is Frank Nye. . . . W. A. Swanberg's new biography is *Norman Thomas: The Last Idealist* (Scribner's, $15). Surely Swanberg's describing Thomas as the "last idealist" is as infelicitous as Daniel Bell's writing in the early Sixties of the "end of ideology." . . . Mrs. Oral Roberts has written an autobiography entitled *His Darling Wife, Evelyn* (Dial, $6.95). It's the bleat of the New Populism, folks. . . . *Little Man, Little Man* (Dial, $6.95) is by James Baldwin and concerns two boys growing up in Harlem: it makes good reading for adults and for little kids growing up in Scarsdale. . . . A seedy life is described by George McMillan in *The Making of an Assassin: The Life of James Earl Ray* (Little, Brown, $8.95). . . . Dorothy Rabinowitz has written *New Lives: Survivors of the Holocaust in America* (Knopf, $8.95). . . . *The Letters of E. B. White* (Harper, $15) are collected and edited by Dorothy Lobrano Guth. . . . *The Higher Animals: A Mark Twain Bestiary* (T. Y. Crowell, $8.95) is a collection—edited by Maxwell Geismar and illustrated by Jean-Claude Suares—of Clemens' observations upon the animal kingdom, culled from the corpus of his writings.

■ Did you know that growing old is not only biological—that it is mainly *political*? You didn't? Then read Alex Comfort's new book, *A Good Age* (Crown, $9.95), all about how our society discards and rips off old people and forces them to retire in humiliation. And meditate upon all those mean things you said about the need to replace those septuagenarian congressional committee chairmen with the best, the brightest, and the youngest.

Act. And these regulations went against the expressed will of Congress—as Graglia irrefutably demonstrates—and made the achievement of fixed proportions of black and white students the effective test of desegregation. The courts went along with, and in some cases beyond, this position. And thus the constitutionally and administratively required response to state-created segregation on the basis of state-determined racial categories became the state-assignment of students to schools on the basis of race.

Mystifying as it seems, this all came about simply because judges and federal officials became convinced that an even mixture of the races in the schools was a good thing. Convinced of the worthiness of this objective, they then engaged in tendentious reasoning calculated to make it appear that the requirement of equal racial distribution flowed from those judicial decisions which, like *Brown*, had come to enjoy widespread acceptance, and that it did not contradict the great Civil Rights Act of 1964. In the course of their labored reasoning, principles were abandoned, falsehoods perpetrated and accepted as truths, while those who were responsible for these betrayals and perversions came to look upon themselves as morally superior beings acting in a good cause. If my language seems extreme, the evidence put forth by Graglia suggests that it is in perfect accordance with the facts.

Having myself dared to criticize Supreme Court decisions, only to be met with the charge that to do so is to undermine the foundations of constitutional government—"What about *Dred Scott*?" I usually ask—I long ago concluded that the Court does not speak with the voice of God nor even, always, of the Constitution. But despite my initial biases, I was nevertheless astonished and dismayed by the incompetence—following, it is true, judicial precedents—documented by Graglia in his analysis of federal court decisions, including those of the Supreme Court itself. Facts are regularly misstated or made up; obvious realities are ignored; faulty and incomprehensible reasoning is indulged. A judge at the District level makes a modest error, which is then overstated at the Appeals level, and overstated even more grossly by the Supreme Court—and which is then returned to him with the imprimatur of the High Court, which seems to require of him that he do what no one (for instance, he himself) ever dreamed of doing in the first place. This seems to be the story of *Keyes*, in which an incredibly puny charge of "state segregation" was made against the Denver school system and accepted by a federal judge. The *Keyes* "finding" was then expanded by successive distortions at higher court levels, and then used to justify a massive busing order, decreed and enforced by a judge who was sympathetic to it but who had never supposed when he handed down his first decision that he had the right to order it.

I HAVE SAID that Graglia goes further than other writers on the subject. There have been a number of powerful critiques launched against the pattern of Supreme Court decisions in school desegregation cases—some of them embedded in Supreme Court and Appeals Court dissents—but Graglia, by closely analyzing cases from their first appearance in the courts, drastically undermines the whole basis of the present dominant line of interpretation, which makes almost any case of differing racial proportions a case of de jure segregation requiring pupil reassignment and massive doses of busing. Graglia argues that the Supreme Court's so-called rule of law in these matters produces a high degree of lawlessness; for, as an appeals court receiving cases brought to it by lower courts possessed of various levels of competence and comprehension, its actions often treat similar situations differently and different situations similarly, and hence produce generally very erratic effects. Only legislation broadly phrased and broadly administered could possibly introduce a system of orderly rules fit to govern the complex process of creating racial balance in every school—and legislatures have almost uniformly refused to legislate any such broad requirements.

But one is left dissatisfied after reading even Graglia's masterly account. As I say, Graglia goes far—further than other constitutional scholars—in ana-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lyzing every case, yet I believe that it is necessary to penetrate even deeper into the judicial process to discover precisely *how* the courts have metamorphosed into unregulated agents of drastic social change. At one point, Graglia includes a suggestive footnote on the unfortunate role of teachers of constitutional law, who "form a nearly solid phalanx of articulate and influential resistance to all attempts to limit the Court's power." Why? I should like to see some analysis of the role of law clerks—the best students, generally, of these professors of constitutional law—in determining how their judges decide cases, and of the role of advocates who propose what it is the Court should do. I should like to see some consideration of whether judges can be made more competent students of simple social realities—e.g., that the racial composition of a school may change very rapidly and that consequently calculations of how to reduce the percentage of blacks from "x" to "x minus y" are generally futile—and if so, *how* they can be made more competent.

It is hard to believe, though, that there is any policy or process that will make judges—or lawyers, or editors, or book reviewers, or government officials elected or appointed—more competent, on the average, than they now are. That being the case, the real question is perhaps: How did judges ever get into the business of running school systems in the first place: ordering buses; deciding on the just proportions of blacks, whites, Hispanics, Chinese, etc., in the schools; deciding what the children should be taught and what kind of teachers they should have? The fact is, of course, that nothing can make—nor should make—judges competent in these tasks. The present necessity is rather to find—through administrative, legislative, or constitutional action—some means of getting them out of that business, and to restrict them to what men who were, it seems, truly wiser than we thought to be their proper role. □

The Creative Balance: Government, Politics, and the Individual in America's Third Century
By Elliot Richardson
Holt, Rinehart, 390 pp., $12.95

NO ONE THERE

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Toward the end of this relentlessly plodding book, in a section appropriately devoted to the subject of boredom, Richardson approvingly quotes Russell Kirk. "The will flags when it no longer perceives any end, any object, in existence," wrote Kirk. "When the world is obsessed by means and trifles, and the ends of life have declined to no more than a faded memory in most people, then indeed we sink into sloth."

Indeed we do. And that is why it is so difficult to read this book. The will flags. The book seems to have no end, no objectives: its contents consist primarily of what read like rewritten position papers, internal memoranda, speeches, and old class notes, a collection of "means and trifles" swimming in a sea of opaque bureaucratic prose.

Richardson has been involved in some of the most fascinating events of recent political history. He engineered Spiro Agnew's resignation, for instance, and he helped bring on the Saturday Night Massacre, which presaged the final collapse of the Nixon Administration. Because of his central role, and because he knows where many of the bodies are buried, we expect some fresh material or, at the very least, some sense of the intense human drama which he witnessed during that Administration's last days.

But it isn't here. Whether he's discussing health care proposals, FAP, boredom, job satisfaction, the resignation of Agnew, or the firing of Archibald Cox, his concern centers only on process. The important things, he tells us, are "process issues," and it is the process and the process only that interests him. Thus, when he describes the firing of Cox, he seems completely indifferent to the whos and whys. The steps in the process of the firing are what intrigue him, and the way he sees his role in that process is instructive. Up to the very end he was managing, manipulating, attempting to reconcile differences. And had not Nixon forced him into an intolerable corner, he would no doubt have continued to manipulate, manage, and reconcile up to the day when Nixon finally quit.

The drama and the people are missing. And so, for the most part, is Elliot Richardson. We search for him through a forest of sentences like this one: "In seeking a refuge from pessimism and the rediscovery of a sense of purpose, we have followed a route that has taken us from the limitations of global judgments about the direction of long-term trends to the affirmative insights that have sustained men of courage and wisdom for centuries." No one there. Nor is anyone recognizably human there in discussions of "counter-intuitive effects" or "the implications of interrelatedness" which can create "a requirement for coordination and integration where no such requirement was previously recognized."

Who is Elliot Richardson, and what makes him run? We don't find out from this book. For one thing, he never expresses a thought directly or embraces an idea enthusiastically when he can find someone to do it for him, and in a pinch his book could be used as a substitute for Bartlett's. Among the people he asks to carry the ball for him: Russell Kirk, William Buckley, Richard Goodwin, Arnold Toynbee, Learned Hand, Stanley Pottinger, Plato, Studs Terkel, William Faulkner, Lao-tzu, Thomas More, Woodrow Wilson, Vince Lombardi, George Allen, Henry Stimson, and Ralph Nader. And that's just a partial list.

QUOTES ARE an indispensable Richardson tool. When he reminds us that men are equal and have been endowed with rights, he feels compelled to quote the Declaration of Independence for substantiation. And he is the sort of writer who puts phrases like "doing one's thing" and "breaking the educational lockstep" in quotation marks.

At times, the heavy reliance on quotes backfires. After an extended discussion of the beauties of "public service," for instance, Richardson quotes Learned Hand. "More cant," said Hand, "is poured out to youthful ears in the name of serving mankind than would fill the tally of those papers on which Panurge passed his momentous judgment some three hundred years ago." Richardson's comment is somewhat pitiful: "And yet I do not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suppose that he intended us to take him seriously." But I think he did; and Richardson's response reminds me of Alf Landon's observation when asked what had torpedoed Thomas Dewey's candidacy in 1948. "Tom," said Landon, "wasn't very humorous."

Yet insofar as cant connotes hypocrisy, I don't believe the term accurately describes what Richardson is pouring out here. It may seem that way when, for instance, he trots out the tired old redefinitions that the bureaucrats use to attempt to convince us that there's a distinction between "quotas" and "goals"—a meaningless distinction, since the goals they strive for can only be achieved through quotas. And we grow uneasy when he tells us that liberty and equality are complementary, but then goes on to construct an argument, the thrust of which is that it is right and necessary to demand the total surrender of our economic liberty in order to achieve equality.

Yet there is no hypocrisy here. It's just that Richardson's is the quintessentially bureaucratic approach. The bureaucrat exists to sell programs and policies, to smooth over troublesome points, to defuse controversy. Thus, it is often necessary to redefine terms, to call things by names which denote something else, to define troublesome points and concepts out of existence. Quotas are not quotas because we don't define them as quotas, and liberty isn't really liberty at all: a most effective method for smothering controversy, a masterly use of which we saw during the Florida primary, when Gerald Ford assassinated the term "detente." The thing described by that term may have lingered on, but there was no longer a name to call it by. Thus, it was no longer, from Ford's point of view, a controversial issue.

Richardson, according to his own testimony, is a "centrist," which means, apparently, that had he lived in Russia during the Revolution, he would have been a Menshevik. And how, precisely, is a centrist made? In one of the very few extended personal anecdotes in this book, Richardson gives us a glimpse. The thing happened during his senior year at Harvard, when, working on his honors thesis in philosophy, he attempted to come to grips with the concept of "self."

"At an intense stage of this effort, I went for a walk. . . . As I walked, it struck me that no man's identity can be defined in all its essential uniqueness except in terms of others. . . . We exist in the midst of a web of interconnecting relationships to other people. . . . To be a complete person is to be part of others, and to share a part of them. This is what we mean by love. This is why sharing is natural. If it were not for our physical separateness—no one else can eat for me or walk for me or see from the same eyes—we would more clearly perceive our psychic interdependence." There follows a damp, pompous, yet somehow touching comment: "Hegel had anticipated me, as I later learned, by several generations."

As had, of course, thousands of other people. But the reference to Hegel is intriguing, for a description of the Hegelian process of change—thesis, antithesis, synthesis—also accurately describes the bureaucratic process as Richardson sees it. The temptation here is to pursue this hint of Hegelian influence a bit further. How, for instance, might it affect Richardson's view of the function of the state?

But perhaps, for the purposes of this review, enough has been said. Perhaps, as *The Creative Balance* suggests, Richardson is a man of principle. But that principle is hard to nail down, for in the end principle is for Richardson, as it is for most successful bureaucrats, primarily process. □

Authority and Its Enemies
By Thomas Molnar
Arlington House, 142 pp., $7.95

THE RIGHT TO COMMAND

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

"Who wants society, wants authority." This truth, argues Thomas Molnar, is self-evident. Society is "constituted" by authority, and requires not only fellowship but purpose, and the appointment of persons and institutions to realize its purposes. Those who make the organizational decisions exert authority. If nobody decides, there is no organization, no social order, no society.

The common objection to authority is that it denies the autonomy of the individual. Robert Paul Wolff, the anarchist philosopher, argues along Kantian lines that to submit to authority is to abdicate one's rationality, and hence to behave in a subhuman way. The upshot of this is that no authority can ever be legitimate: there can be neither a right to command nor a duty to obey. No man can be subordinate to another without his own consent.

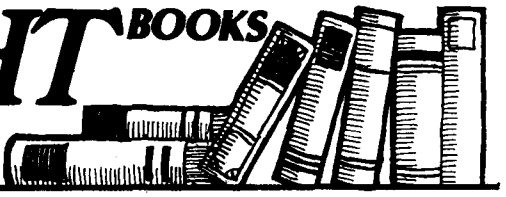
Few of those whom Molnar calls "the enemies of authority" are as bold or even as conscious of their enmity as Wolff. A recent *New York Times* editorial applauded Jimmy Carter's Vietnam "pardon" proposal on grounds that it is right to "forgive" those young men who "interpreted their duty differently" from those who obeyed the draft. The presumption, automatic and unconscious, is that draft-dodging is a conscientious act of dissent, a divergence of the mind from orthodoxy rather than a failure of the will to conform to constituted authority. If that is so, then it is society, and not the rebel, who has sinned, and needs forgiveness. The booing of the American Legionnaires whom Carter addressed shows that they grasped what was at stake: the legitimacy of American government, and whether the citizen is injured by being governed, governed, that is to say, even when he is not persuaded. The Legion was right, and Carter was as heretically and profoundly wrong as the editorial writers his Profiles-in-Courage posture was so shrewdly calculated to impress.

As Molnar sees it, authority, in every sphere of life, is addressed to man's will, and not, primarily, to his intellect. The element we live in is a realm not of ideas and thoughts, but of persons and things whose relations entail *acts*, decisions about which often must be made on behalf of the whole of a relevant group, some of whose members are likely not to conform spontaneously. The man who runs a red light, as I recently did, does not usually do so because he "interprets his duty differently" from the law-abiding motorist. The ticket he gets, like the one I got, is neither a mere argument nor a mere threat: it is a chastening reminder, and possesses the educative virtue of promoting good habits. Burke described government as a contrivance to provide for certain human wants, among them the want of "a

→

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RIGHT BOOKS



M. STANTON EVANS

NAME THE common features of the following: Earth Day, Manson cultists, theistic evolution, astrology, busing, Carlos Castaneda, consciousness expansion, psychic healing, genetic planning, mind-bending drugs, and social engineering.

Give up? The answer is that each and every one of them, in addition to being prominent on our modern social landscape, has something to do with magic, in the broadest meaning of that term. Not conjurers' tricks, you understand, but serious magic in the sense of esoteric knowledge geared to power. And since that pretty much describes the ruling impulse of the age, it follows that we are living in a culture well suffused with magic.

The point is made to brilliant effect by Dr. Gary North in his just-published volume, *None Dare Call It Witchcraft* (Arlington House, $8.95). In a wide-ranging study of "paranormal" phenomena and other oddities of our time, Dr. North has traced the inner connections among such seemingly diverse developments as ESP and yearnings after global power, astrological diversions and ecological frenzy. All are aspects of a "magical" mentality, and all are signs of civilizational collapse.

Magic, as North instructs us, is the pagan form of science. It assumes the existence of divinities in nature: powers to be worshipped, propitiated, and controlled through knowledge of their secrets. Those who gain the proper esoteric wisdom will be divinely favored, and so ascend to lordship over others. Having grasped the workings of the gnosis, they will themselves become as gods.

The elements of this Faustian mindset are apparent all around us. One need hardly stress the pervasive modern worship of nature—from Rousseau to Teilhard to Justice Douglas. We are as set on deifying Mother Nature as was Shakespeare's Edmund, with results as uniformly villainous. And what about our modern insistence on making humanity-to-order through environmental prodding and utopian controls —administered, of course, by experts armed with esoteric knowledge?

Once the parallels are glimpsed, the magical meaning of it all is plain, and makes the "irrational" stuff of recent vintage a trifle easier to fathom. Astrology, psychic healing, and Eastern mystery religions are not merely rejections of nineteenth century rationalism —though at one level of spiritual hunger they are certainly that. They are also, at another level, extensions of our modern knowledge-power ego trip.

The prevalence of such notions, according to North, means that we are losing our grip on distinctively Western —meaning distinctively Judaic and Christian—values. Precisely as occurred in ancient Rome, the breakdown of the public orthodoxy has opened the way for cults and fantasies of essentially gnostic derivation. Where such developments may take us in a political sense is suggested by Michel Bertrand and Jean Angelini in *The Occult and the Third Reich* (McGraw-Hill, $3.95), describing a similar witches' brew in Nazi Germany.

THE NAZI MOVEMENT, as these authors explain it, exhibited the same fantastic mix of magical weirdness and political elitism that we are witnessing in our own society today. The principal Nazi leaders were steeped in occultism; they dabbled in astrology and cherished ancient Manichean fantasies. They sought to revive the world of Thuringian legend against the supposedly decadent rule of Christians and Jews. With their knowledge of the pagan mysteries they would create a race of human gods, entitled and equipped to rule the earth.

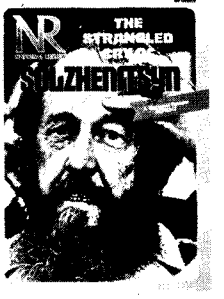
The result of that particular experiment in magic is well known. Adopting a neo-pagan world view, the Nazis produced a neo-pagan holocaust in which such "decadent" values as the sanctity of individual human life were reduced to nothingness. On the evidence of these volumes, the magicians of America and Western Europe are treading round, at slower gait, the same demonic circle. □

Get Your Copy of SOLZHENITSYN'S Dramatic Speech!

Any anti-Communist American would stand up and cheer (*this* audience *did!*) at Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's speech to the AFL-CIO in New York. This is an address that hits home with a bang. When you see what Solzhenitsyn says here you will wonder how *any* of our leaders can push *détente* and trade with the Soviets as solutions to the threat of Communism.

This is a call to arms in defense of freedom (and make no mistake, he means *our* freedom!), a call so powerful it can't help but spark a response in your very heart. As Bernard Levin of the London *Times* says (of Solzhenitsyn), "... by his courage he demonstrates that there is no weight in the universe great enough to crush ... the human longing for freedom; by his faith he moves mountains and shames a faithless world."

Now, because of the intense interest in Solzhenitsyn generated by his recent appearances, we are making this vitally-important speech, ("The Strangled Cry of Solzhenitsyn",) available in reprint form for just 50¢ per copy (we pay postage and handling). You'll probably never have a better chance than this to make sure you and all the people you know (friends, relatives, students, etc.) become fully aware of the astounding message this latter-day prophet brings us. Use the coupon below to order your copies now.



NATIONAL REVIEW (Dept. S)
150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Yes, please send me _____ copies of "The Strangled Cry of Solzhenitsyn," for which I enclose $_____. (Please enclose payment of 50¢ per copy. Thank you.)

NAME _____

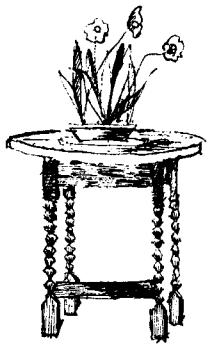
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sufficient restraint upon their passions."

Molnar's is no defense of any and all authority, but a reasoned case for proper authority as answering to something in the make-up of human beings, and something positive at that. Unlike Hobbes, who regards civil authority as a necessary imposition on the wild innocence of human desires, he holds that "respect for authority is as natural a response of our whole person as are love, contentment, pity, or pride of achievement." It embodies our recognition that the life of man is largely social, not merely out of practical necessity, but because all of us depend on others for the proper formation of our humanity, and most of us find our greatest happiness in the company of others—even among others with whom we often disagree.


LEE

Social conventions are largely ways of obviating the need for agreement. Burke says that the British constitution is properly a subject of enjoyment, not altercation, and Molnar would agree.

Authority and Its Enemies, cogent and compact, resides in the deep middle of the mainstream of conservative thought, and trenchantly applies its central insight to areas of social life that have hitherto been smothered in sloganistic confusion. To the truism that censors are seldom the best judges of artistic quality, he answers calmly that their job is rather to estimate its immediate social consequences; and that if an appointed censor doesn't do the job, then somebody else will do it, perhaps no better. The lesson being simply that the office of censor is not excluded *a priori*.

Not least of the book's virtues is its psychological penetration. I have never seen the spirit that afflicts liberal governors diagnosed better than this: "The man (or the institution) who fails to use authority when entrusted with it does not believe, in the depth of his heart, that he uses it legitimately. Legitimacy, in his already changed heart, belongs to the opponents, to history, to the future. He himself is entrusted with its liquidation, so that soon afterwards a more legitimate, even though contrary, situation might arise." And there is more where that came from. □

Monsieur Proust: A Memoir
By Céleste Albaret
McGraw-Hill, 416 pp., $12.50

A PERFECT SYMBIOSIS

RENE KUHN BRYANT

From 1913 until the novelist's death at the end of 1922, Céleste Albaret was housekeeper, cook, confidante, and, although much younger than he, surrogate mother to Marcel Proust. For more than fifty years, Mme. Albaret firmly resisted all efforts to persuade her to reveal her intimate and presumably unique knowledge of the daily life, the personality and character, the tastes and habits of one of France's greatest modern literary masters. Now, she has at last permitted publication of *Monsieur Proust: A Memoir*, a distillation of seventy hours of recorded interviews conducted, transcribed, and edited by Georges Belmont, a well-known French editor. Mme. Albaret's motive in abandoning her self-imposed rule of reticence after so many years of faithful adherence to it is set out in Belmont's introduction: "If she has changed her mind at the age of 82, it is because she has come to the conclusion that others less scrupulous have betrayed Proust grossly, either because they lacked her access to the truth, or through excessive imagination or the temptation to promote their 'interesting' or self-interested little theories."

This is a gallant and a worthy motive. However, a formidable obstacle to judging whether or not she has been successful arises from an unlikely assumption of the editor's. He seems to suppose that Mme. Albaret's fascination with every detail of Proust's life and career will be shared to the last scintilla by the general reader. Thus any biographical or even chronological framework is dispensed with. The "betrayals" so much on Mme. Albaret's mind, for example, are only vaguely alluded to, the calumnies are never fully specified. An oddly invertebrate book results.

What is to be made, one wonders, of this passage from a chapter titled, " 'Other' Loves":

"Of course people have said that in his youth he met with nothing but disappointment in love and that because of this he turned away from women to seek other kinds of love.

"On this point, I'd like to repeat that I've vowed to tell only what I know from having seen or heard it . . .

"And if I now say M. Proust never told me anything that showed him in that particular light that some have alleged, I don't want anyone to think that what I claim to know is the absolute truth, and still less that I intended to paint an idealized portrait of M. Proust."

Mme. Albaret then goes on to produce what she loyally regards as conclusive evidence to refute the supposition that Proust was himself a homosexual. "On the one hand, as I have said, he told me everything . . . On the other hand, no one ever came into the apartment of boulevard Haussmann, or later at rue Hamelin, without my letting them in or out." And finally, "That still leaves his going out . . . I knew [what occurred on those occasions], because, again, M. Proust told me all about his evenings."

QED? Not really, even for the most charitably undemanding of readers. Furthermore, most of the book is in the same vein and at the same level of sophistication. Essentially, these memoirs are the understandably glorified, but ultimately insubstantial, memories of a literary figure of world reputation as filtered through the character of an untutored farm girl who totally subsumed her existence in his and never recovered her own identity.

EVEN IF one is forced to discount the book's value as literary or cultural history, however, it is perhaps worth reading as an extraordinary study in the workings of memory—an unconscious parody almost of some of Proust's own preoccupations with recapturing the past. Clearly, it was Mme. Albaret's intention to magnify Proust's reputation, but the result has been ironically otherwise. Proust emerges from these pages just as his more learned biographers have painted him: a monstrously self-absorbed genius who was obsessed with the compulsion to cheat death by reversing time, cultivating people only so that he could later use their minutely observed qualities and characteristics as models for his fictional population, dropping them when his purposes had been served. But to Mme. Albaret, "my dear Céleste," who views him through memory's soft-focus lens, he was perfection, a charming, talented *enfant terrible* whose tyrannies only served to endear him to her more profoundly. As she tells it, in adoring recollection, the more demanding Proust became, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more self-effacing her response. A perfect symbiosis.

And yet, Mme. Albaret was a relatively young woman when Proust died. She had a husband (extraordinarily long-suffering he was, too; but it was he who had introduced her to Proust, which may explain his forbearance) and later a daughter, and a long life to live. Recalling it all now, though, her life was contained within the handful of years she spent with Proust. Like him, she became a prisoner of memories. It is a theme Maupassant would have been drawn to. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

PUBLIC EDUCATION, *by Lawrence A. Cremin (Basic, 97 pp., $7.95).* This book—a scant 97 pages—proves that brevity does not always indicate terseness. Indeed, it proves little else. Dr. Cremin reminds us that schools are not the only institutions that teach—a fact that seems so self-evident one wonders why he devotes the bulk of the book to establishing it. He wants to see the educative potential of schools (public and private), churches, the family, the media, and even industry harnessed into one great system of "intentionality and self-consciousness about goals and processes." The clichés that pervade this book would be merely boring if they weren't dangerous: the notion that educational methods can be "neutral with respect to the aims of education"; the assumption that freedom of choice will be actively fostered rather than, at best, tolerated in a government-controlled educational system (interestingly, the only significant discussion of freedom is relegated to a footnote on page 66); the facile identification of "we" with the whole society, as in "the kind of public we would like to bring into being and the qualities we would like that public to display." That last is the most disturbing of all: it obscures the often profound differences between the values and interests of the educators and those of the public. But it remains an article of faith for Dr. Cremin nonetheless—one that allows him to speak of "prophesy" (*sic*) as "the essential public function of the educator in a democratic society" without so much as a twinge of his democratic conscience.

VICKI MARANI

WE WERE DREAMERS, *by James Lehrer (Atheneum, 216 pp., $7.95).* This was Kansas in 1946: Aerocoaches and Flxible Clippers, chicken-fried steaks and pride. Gravel roads and bill collectors, grain elevators and unreasonable hopes. How it felt to be twelve. Debts. Country music by the Ark Valley Boys. "Clean" cusswords. Pinball machines. Monotony. Pistol Pete Reiser and General Jonathan Wainwright. Determination. "A face in every window and a bottom in every seat," aboard a battered bus with a busted fuel pump. Boarding houses. Loyalty. Army surplus. Elation. Admiring your dad, humoring your mom, one-upping your older brother. Mechanics' liens. Disappointment, defeat, pride still unbent, unreasonable hope still buoyant. These are some of the ingredients in James Lehrer's rich stew of boyhood memories—simple, warm, and nourishing as the fare at one of those small-town hotels where the Lehrer family's jalopy buses used to stop. "H. F. Lehrer dba [doing business as] Kansas Central Lines" survived barely one year in the late 1940s, but for the resourceful couple who ran it and the two sons who helped, Kansas Central gained a kind of immortality by the way it welded them as a family. Few of the big news stories the author now covers on his Washington beat for Public Broadcasting tell nearly as much about American values and the human spirit as does this charming memoir of his Midwest roots. The late Fred Lehrer Sr.—failed bus tycoon, frustrated entrepreneur, but withal a father of very special nobility and heart—emerges under his son's loving pen as a particularly memorable man.

JOHN K. ANDREWS JR.

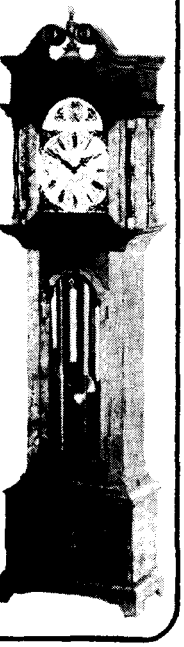
WOMAN AT HOME, *by Arlene Rossen Cardozo (Doubleday, 156 pp., $6.95).* Are the alternatives only Mrs. Frump and Ms. Superwoman? Mrs. Cardozo thinks not, and aims her book at the woman who chooses to stay at home to raise her family and "for whom forming close human relationships is the first priority." The author, a strikingly attractive young wife and the mother of three daughters, puts her time where her semi-traditionalist philosophy is, managing to devote herself primarily to her family while pursuing a wide range of hobbies and teaching a course on "Woman at Home" at the University of Minnesota. Her book wittily dismisses the notion that the traditional woman is a slave to outmoded values, while avoiding the overkill so prevalent in anti- (or at least non-) libber books. She rambles on about her own solutions to the problems of a bright lady seeking fulfillment at home and also in outside activities, and fleshes out a charming little guidebook with the experiences of various other women who have similarly performed that feat. Any woman not enamored of the rampant bigotries of *Ms.* magazine can profit from *Woman at Home*, and men who want their women gutsy and active but primarily interested in the noble occupations of wife and mother will also find Arlene Cardozo's book a fount of information and sensible advice. Call it enlightened conservatism on the eternal woman question; and call it to the attention of friends who have let Kate Millett and other harridans drive them to distraction.

DAVID BRUDNOY

WHEN YOU BUILD AN M&S CLOCK . . .

Quality

Is the DIFFERENCE!



NEW 32-PAGE COLOR CATALOG shows 19 authentic antique replica floor, wall & mantel clocks plus the fine woods & imported movements needed to build them. SEND $1 for catalog & 1 of the following plans to build: Grandfather ☐ Grandmother ☐ School ☐ or Steeple ☐ clock. SEND $3.50 for catalog & all 4 plans. CATALOG ALONE 50¢ Write today!

MASON & SULLIVAN COMPANY

Dept. NR106,
Osterville, Ma. 02655

READER'S SERVICE

HOW WELL WE SERVE YOU depends largely on whether you include your address label when you write us about your subscription. Please attach it to all correspondence. When moving, please give us 5 weeks notice, and paste your old address label here. Print new address below, including your ZIP code.

You may use this form to subscribe, renew, change your address—or for any other correspondence you may have with us. If you attach your mailing label at right, you will have helped us be both speedy and accurate.

REMEMBER

that Magazine and BULLETIN are on separate lists! If you are a subscriber to both, you must tell us to change both lists.

Address all inquiries or subscriptions to: National Review, Readers' Service, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

NAME _____
(Please print)

ADDRESS _____
(New address–if moving)

CITY _____ **STATE** _____ **ZIP** _____

☐ **PLEASE CHANGE MY BULLETIN ADDRESS ALSO** ☐ **I wish to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW for one year at the regular $17.50 rate. Please enter my** ☐ **new** ☐ **renewal subscription:** ☐ **payment enclosed** ☐ **bill me later.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified Advertisements

Situation Wanted

MULTINATIONAL / EXECUTIVE / LAWYER now in key position with leading international agricultural agency. Wishes to return to private industry. U.S. citizen, Italian wife. Proven capabilities handling major management responsibilities as well as in international law, taxation, acquisition, finance, P/L. Languages: French, Italian. 44, J.D., LL.B. Johns Hopkins; ABA. Write NR Box 2067.

Literary

NEWSPAPER OF THE MONTH CLUB. Receive Sunday editions of great U.S. newspapers. Free information. The Nation's Press, Box 12297E, Kansas City, Mo. 64152.

BOOKS LOCATED: Hard-to-find and out-of-print. Free quotes. CELTIC CROSS BOOKS, Box 109-N, Westminster, Vt. 05158.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. NRJ. 84 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011.

BOOK SEARCHING. ALL SUBJECTS. Large Stock: lists on request. Regent House, 108 N. Roselake Ave., Los Angeles, Ca. 90026.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS, the national dating service for the intelligentsia of all ages. Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

WHAT ARE YOUR VALUES? Sixty illustrated cards identify specific VALUES and challenge you to analyze yourself. $2.49; VALUE Publishing Company, 10300 U.S. 19N., Dept. R, Pinellas Park, Fla. 33565.

For Sale

METAL DETECTORS. Proven instruments, most lines. Specializing in coin and relic machines. We'll recommend the model for you—and sell it at discount. EARTHBOUND ENTERPRISES, 28 Redwood Drive, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

OWN AN ART GALLERY IN STAMPS! Superb collection of famous paintings on authentic postage stamps from 30 different countries. Free brochure. Robert Baldwin, Dept. 141896, Delta, Pa. 17314.

SILVER DOLLAR SIZE silver plated Bicentennial medal with matching set of three uncanceled U.S. postage stamps. Most unusual collector's item. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send $3.00. D&D Enterprises, Box 1302, Seneca, S.C. 29678.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 65¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $1.50 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS AND SPINETS. Professional instruments in kit form, $195-$900. Patented Burton Jacks. For brochure, write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222NR, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

Real Estate

182 ACRE FENCED RANCH. 2 hours to Myrtle Beach. 8 acre lake with cottage. $182,000. Owner financing. J. Earl Tindal, Broker, Drawer 746, Lancaster, S.C. 29720.

WE HAVE FOR SALE TWO BEAUTIFUL eighteenth century houses, one in South Kent ($185,000) the other on the Lake in Warren ($95,000). These are large family type homes with good amounts of acreage and privacy. For appointment to see and/or details write or call MARCIA L. BURNHAM & ASSOC., Kent, Conn. 203-927-3875, 927-3232.

Vacation

CHARTER THE 47-FOOT SAILING YACHT "Remnant." Cruise from South Florida to Bahamas, Keys or Caribbean. For details, write Treasure Coast Charters, P.O. Box 1652, Vero Beach, Fla. 32960.

EXCHANGE or RENT professional-executive homes. Inquiline, Box 208-B, Katonah, N.Y. 10536.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET Beresford Hotel, 635 Sutter Street, 94102; Charming, Convenient, Comfortable.

Miscellaneous

JEROME TUCCILLE, Arlington House author and former Libertarian candidate for Governor of New York is now an investment advisor. For a sound, conservative approach to your investments, call 212-790-1253 or write: Jerome Tuccille, Merrill Lynch, 2 Penn Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10001.

100-CARD ADULTS, CHILDREN'S Bible Game . . .! $1.00. Biblegame, 5837-G, Stewart, Sylvania, Oh. 43560.

PLEASE HELP ME . . . I am dying of a terminal disease. All my grandparents died of this disease. My mom and dad are afflicted with it, will surely die soon. I am now entering the early stages and symptoms at age 37. Always fatal, the disease which often kills by leading to heart attack, cancer, stroke and many more will surely get me too. Modern medical science surely is capable of finding the cure but unfortunately for those that have it almost no funding has been available.

Maybe you know a friend or relative who has this same disease. Maybe even you yourself may have it. It is very easy to detect. You don't need a doctor. Simply look in the mirror. The name of this disease is called AGING.

Please help me and yourself. Send $3.00 for information, sample subscription . . . The Fountain of Youth Searchers. Box 1055, No. Miami Beach, Fla. 33160 (group of scientists, doctors, people who care about their future).

LONELY? Make new friends. Write NR2 Pen Pals, Box 415, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

THE ADAM SMITH NECKTIE—Featuring profile of Adam based on famous Tassie Medallion. Worn by Ed Feulner, Milton Friedman, and F. A. von Hayek. Two colors fit all: Gold on Burgundy and Gold on Navy Blue. $10 each postpaid; $20 the set. Decatur Shop, Ltd., North Adams, Mich. 49262.

SUPER 8, 16MM, AND 8 MM Full-length features and shorts, sound and silent, color and black/white film classics. Bogart, Popeye, Barrymore, Garbo, Chaplin, Bugs Bunny, Mansfield, Our Gang, Etc., Etc. Free Catalog, NILES FILMS, Box 1576-NR, South Bend, Ind. 46634.

DIAGRAMING SENTENCES, anyone? Step-by-step instructions, exercises, answers; 158 pages. $3.50 postpaid. REX BARKS, Box 703, McLean, Va. 22101.

FASTEST PIANO COURSE in history! American invention! Box 751-N, LaCanada, Ca. 91011.

NECKTIE CLEANING. SPECIAL OFFER: Clean and restore 6 ties for $7.50. Beautifully! Send for free tie mailer or mail direct. Satisfaction guaranteed. Roblin Tiemaster, 190 Glencove Ave., N.Y. 11542.

NATIONAL REVIEW, WFB & ST. THOMAS TEE/SHIRTS & SWEAT/SHIRTS. Two sizes fit all: Large and Too Large. Tees $6 and Sweats $8 postpaid. Decatur Shop, Ltd., North Adams, Mich. 49262 USA.

PRISON ART. Three talented Artists Offer Their Best: "Female Abstract," "Murderer's Portrait," "Paranoia." $10.00 each, 3/$25.00. Renzi, Box N-4682, Long Beach, Ca. 90804. Prompt.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE—Scientific Computerized Matching, Nationwide. All Ages. Inexpensive. FREE Questionnaire, TEAM, 1270 Broadway, NYC 10001.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS Insurance. Natural vitamins, health food supplements, cosmetics, gifts, toiletries and household products catalog. Send $1.00. Shaklee Distributor, 18 S.W. 8th Street, Hallendale, Fla. 33009.

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNICATIONS using recorder! Family entertainment. Tapexchange, Murray, Ky. 42071.

PROCLAIM LIBERTY with your own Liberty Bell nameplate, bronze or pewter finish, 4¾" x 1". Perfect for entrance-way. $6.95 includes postage and engraving 16 letters/spaces (i.e., "The Johnsons"). Please print, specify finish desired. No C.O.D.s. Satisfaction guaranteed. Illinois residents add 3% tax (32¢). Treasure Cove Specialties, Box 67, Lombard, Ill. 60148.

Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

RAYMOND HOLLIS:

The Paperwork.

The fundamental problem of heavy governmental red tape and paperwork for the small business is that it diverts us from our primary functions of making a good product, selling it, keeping solvent, providing jobs, and paying taxes. (Title adapted.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These people have something to say

- William A. Rusher
- Russell Kirk
- M. Stanton Evans
- Jeffrey Hart
- Ernest van den Haag
- D. Keith Mano
- Peter P. Witonski
- David Brudnoy
- J. Daniel Mahoney
- Cornelius J. Troost
- John Kiley
- F. Clifton White
- Robert K. Dornan
- Lev Navrozov

that's worth your listening

Take William A. Rusher for example—publisher, columnist, lecturer, author, debater and public speaker *par excellence*. It's hard to imagine any gathering that wouldn't sparkle if he were the featured speaker.

And so on down the list. Knowledgeable, witty, urbane speakers all. And all available through Catherine Babcock, Inc.

So why not drop us a line. Tell us when your meeting is scheduled and which of these splendid speakers you would like to have address it and we'll take it from there.

WRITE TODAY TO:

Catherine Babcock
INC.
544 Southside Rd.
Virginia Beach, Va. 23451

LETTERS

(Continued from page 1099)

True, the XM-1, the B-1, and the nuclear-powered aircraft carrier are not of much use against terrorists, propagandists, covert operators, etc. They do their own job quite well, and there are indeed weapons to fight the unofficial war. They simply do not get as much publicity as the major weapons systems. Their use also depends on the President and Congress, and so our failure to mount an offensive is the fault not of our military leaders but of our elected (or in the case of the President, usually elected) officials. Where the military leadership does fall down is in the area of public relations. The weaponry required by defense planners is very expensive and the taxpayer has the right to know how his money is being spent. More effort should be directed toward educating the public as to why we need each weapon system and where the advantages lie over previous systems. The tendency till now has been to overclassify the information and to underinform the public. This has resulted in public ignorance of important matters and a lack of support for advanced systems. Why buy a SAM-D when we already have a Hawk? Why buy an AIM 7F when we have an AIM 7E? Why buy an F-15 when we have an F-4? Why buy a B-1 when we have a B-52? The public has a right to know these things. Mr. Burnham has a right to know these things. Until he does know these things we may still see columns which serve better as grist for liberal propaganda mills than as information for intelligent conservatives.

Mt. Holly, N.J. DAMIAN HOUSMAN
Captain, USAF

Mr. Burnham elaborates on the problems raised by these and other correspondents in his current "Protracted Conflict," page 1110. —LB

Correction

Contrary to "Random Notes" of August 20, my book *Authority and Its Enemies* (Arlington House) does not argue that "authority is by nature egalitarian" (obviously false), but argues that it articulates and civilizes *inequality* among men in society. Most *NR* readers, I am sure, made this mental correction by themselves.

New York, N.Y. THOMAS MOLNAR

Clickety-Clack

Congratulations to Priscilla Buckley on a superb piece on the *San Francisco Zephyr* ["Heading Home," August 20]. I ride that train several times a year. Indeed I ride the train wherever possible. The *Empire Builder* across the North Central states is magnificent. One discovers the immensity of Montana that way, for example. Happily, Nashville has the *Floridian* for trips to Chicago and stops to visit Bob Tyrrell in Bloomington, Ind. This winter I plan to take the turbo-train to Port Huron and the Duluth-Superior train. You see, I am a train addict.

For the most extraordinary scenery, I recommend the *Rio Grande Zephyr* from Denver to Salt Lake City—through mountains and canyons over very steep grades. For comfort and service, the *Crescent*—the Southern Railway train—is the best. True, old-time passenger railroading.

Thanks for such pleasant reading matter.

Nashville, Tenn. ANTHONY HARRIGAN

Russell's Prejudices

Regarding M. J. Sobran Jr.'s column ["The Unmeltable Ethnocentrics," Sept. 17] dealing, in part, with Sidney Hook's comments on Bertrand Russell, it seems to me that if a man says he can't stand being around Jews, makes derogatory references to "Jewish" millionaires but not to others in this category, and spreads false information that the Russian bureaucracy was composed of "Americanized Jews," that man may not be a full-fledged antisemite but he's not far from it.

Hagerstown, Md. HOWARD KEATS

There is indeed evidence that Russell disliked Jews in general. That he found a given set of Jews boring, however, does not amount to Exhibit A for the prosecution. Nor should we be shocked to find that an eccentric like Russell had yet one more odd prejudice than we had known of. —MJS

How to Argue and Win!

Here is a clear simply written basic guide to logical thinking, showing how to spot the fallacies, the prejudices and emotionalism, the inappropriate analogies, etc., in the other fellow's argument and how to watch for and avoid the irrational in your own judgments. The author makes plain not only *how* but also *why* people resist facing the truth.

A tool for *clear thinking* as well as *convincing others*. ORDER NOW:

THE ART OF ARGUMENT, By Giles St. Aubyn $5.95 plus 60¢ handling 10-Day Money-Back Guar.

EMERSON BOOKS, Inc., Dept. 491C
Buchanan, N.Y. 10511

Metagrobolized

about what to give for Christmas?

If they love words, they'll love VERBATIM, The Language Quarterly.

One Year $4.00 (U.S. & Canada)
$4.50 (elsewhere)

VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 157NM ESSEX, CONN. 06426 USA

ON REQUEST, WE'LL SEND A GIFT NOTICE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

Down Alabama Way

Birmingham, Sept. 16—I don't believe it, but I feel bound to report that in Birmingham people in apparent possession of their faculties actually believe that Ford will beat Carter in Alabama. Moreover, this intelligence was gathered on the very day that Jimmy Carter, trolling the city for votes, a) appeared under the personal auspices of Governor Wallace, and b) talked about the glories of small business, the problems of small business, and the ineptitude of Republicans in taking into account the problems of businessmen. He talked the way Senator Robert Kennedy talked in the primary contest in Indiana in 1968, when he delivered lines that could as well have been spoken by Senator Goldwater. It is quite astonishing that in an age of satellite communication, a political candidate can tell voters in one corner of the swimming pool something he would really just as soon the voters at the other end of the swimming pool didn't hear.

BUT EVEN though in middle-class Alabama there is considerable resistance to Carter, there is also skepticism on the question whether there are any "true differences" between the parties. They have had, after all, a generation of Governor Wallace, one of whose most famous generalities was that there isn't a dime's worth of difference between the two major political parties. It is difficult to know what Governor Wallace might have done to American politics if he had not been struck down. In 1972, with McGovern and Nixon the candidates, the two parties were as widely separated as they can be within the framework of consensus this side of revolutionary resistance. Wallace's great opportunity came when McGovern was nominated. If he had then joined the Republican Party, he'd have brought a huge constituency over with him. Failing to do so, and nominally backing McGovern, Wallace chose to remain a Democrat. Four years later, Carter skillfully co-opted much, though we have yet to know exactly how much, of Wallace's following. He left the general impression with many voters, particularly in the South, that the difference between the two parties is not significant.

That isn't so. Never mind that history reveals that platforms are written to be ignored. The fact is they are explicitly endorsed by the men running for President and are at least suggestive. The Democrats "pledge . . . support of legislation that will . . . reduce adult unemployment to 3 per cent within four years." That makes the Humphrey-Hawkins bill pie-in-the-sky—about as adequate to end unemployment as the ham-and-eggs plan of the 1930s. It is significant that not a single responsible economist (to quote Professor Feldstein of Harvard) has endorsed the bill—which, if enacted, would simply bring on increased inflation, and national impoverishment.

Increased inflation? But the Democratic platform pledges "price stability." Is that Democratic-talk for wage-and-price controls? Well, no. "We cannot believe that . . . a comprehensive system of mandatory controls" is necessary. Does that mean the Democrats are against wage-and-price controls? Well, no. "At times, direct government involvement in wage and price decisions may be required to ensure price stability."

In order to increase employment, will the minimum wage be eased, say, for the young? On the contrary. "The minimum wage rate [should] at least keep pace with the increase in the cost of living." Since under the Democrats the cost of living is bound to soar, so will the minimum wage rate; and so will unemployment for those most quickly victimized by it: the teen-age blacks crowded in urban centers.

Will construction work, the tormented industry of the nation, be permitted to proceed even if there is a strike by a union against a subcontractor? No—all work would stop. "We will support the full right of construction workers to picket a job site peacefully."

WILL TAXES be reformed so as to permit business—the principal employer—to expand, and liberate itself from the high overhead that now demoralizes the investor? Almost certainly the opposite: "We pledge . . . the complete overhaul of the present tax system." A complete overhaul is overdue. But when those words are spoken by the Democratic Party, count your silver. Better still, hide it; because somebody will propose a capital levy on it.

There are too many people in Alabama who have made economic progress in twenty years—I am informed. Too many to wish to risk sticking it all in Mr. Carter's bank and letting him handle it. The Democratic platform is the fine print in the contract between a President Carter and the voters, and however much he tries to persuade them in these parts that in effect they should pay it no heed, some of them do. Literacy is hitting the South, including economic literacy. □

THE CONTINUING PRESENCE OF SOLZHENITSYN

New York, Sept. 20 — Concerning the talk about Solzhenitsyn—the Republicans included in their platform a specific tribute to him; the Democrats surreptitiously contrived to lose a proposal that they do the same thing—a few points ought to be made.

1. Henry Kissinger, when he was first invited by President-elect Richard Nixon to become his National Security Advisor, gave Mr. Nixon to read Robert Conquest's book, *The Great Terror*. It is an account of the carnage which Stalin found necessary to the establishment of proletarian rule in Russia. (My information does not extend to whether Mr. Nixon read this book, although if he did, he cannot have assimilated its meaning, to judge from his eulogy to Mao Tse-tung on Mao's belated departure from this vale of tears, which reached high tide in China under his rule. As well pay tribute to Josef Stalin. The two gentlemen were killers on approximately the same scale, though perhaps the edge goes to Mao who, after all, had a larger pool of bodies to kill from than Stalin had.) Henry Kissinger, shortly after Gerald Ford became President, sat down to read a chapter or two from *Gulag Archipelago*, having up until then read only Solzhenitsyn's *Cancer Ward*. He found the book so engrossing, he ended by reading it all. He then read through *Ivan Denisovich*, and *First Circle*. He then took *Gulag* to President Ford with the recommendation that he read it. One does not know whether Mr. Ford did so. If Richard Reeves is correct in saying that Mr. Ford has not read a book in ten years, the odds are against it. Still, the impulse of Mr. Kissinger is what we are focusing on.

Henry Kissinger, after experiencing Solzhenitsyn, made known to a relevant figure

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the concern of the United States Government for the physical safety of Solzhenitsyn, who at that period was still in Moscow. It is not inconceivable that the decision of the Kremlin to exile Solzhenitsyn, rather than send him back for a refresher course on Gulag, or on one of those terminal visits to the Lubyanka prison, was the result of Kissinger's incremental intervention. Not inconceivable, in other words, that Kissinger saved the life of Solzhenitsyn.

2. When the question arose whether Solzhenitsyn should be invited to the White House, the advice that he should not be came from Kissinger, who now says that his judgment was defective, though in fact it wasn't (it is the policy of detente which is defective). It should be stressed that a Secretary of State primarily concerned to achieve a certain relationship with a foreign power quite naturally shrinks from certain kinds of provocations. When Khrushchev came here for the first time and spoke at the National Press Club, somebody during the question period asked about the use of Soviet tanks to run over Hungarian students. Khrushchev with one emphatic display of choler made it clear that he had not come to America to answer questions of that kind: and never again, on that trip, did an American newspaperman dare return to the subject. You cannot treat Khrushchev the way you treat President Nixon. You cannot fête the most eloquent critic of the Soviet Union while carrying on detente with the Soviet Union. It is, simply, a matter of incompatible policies. Who says A, to quote the cliché, must say B.

In other words, one cannot deduce from Mr. Kissinger's rebuff to Solzhenitsyn, any lack of reverence for Solzhenitsyn.

3. What is dismaying is the culture impregnated by that act of Mr. Kissinger's. Now Winston Lord, the young and gifted assistant to Mr. Kissinger, is detected, at a seminar for State Department interns, using the word "fascist" loosely at the expense of Solzhenitsyn. What Mr. Lord said cannot be put more precisely than this—because he says he did *not* call Solzhenitsyn a fascist, and as a longtime friend of Mr. Lord, I am prepared to accept his word any time. But he did not deny using the word. And this brings us to the final point that ought to be made here. The bureaucratic reflex of Winston Lord at so young an age is the result of a disease at least as contagious as, say, the swine flu, and extremely dangerous, breeding at its most virulent manifestation the kind of people we finally had to dispatch at Nuremberg for hyper-fidelity to the regnant ideology. And, alas, no antitoxin is in sight. One can only appeal from Winston drunk to Winston sober—by telling him, gently, that though foreign policy is to a substantial extent a value-free science, it ought not to crowd out moral reality. To link Solzhenitsyn to a modern political movement–philosophy that glorifies violence and the subordination of the individual to the state is intellectually wrongheaded. And to say such a thing about the noblest man alive is Philistine. □

INFLAMING THE ISSUES

Athens, Sept. 6—Harmonious relations between Greek and Turk are abnormal. On a scale of zero to one hundred, one hundred being the flashpoint, one strives for something like fifty, during which moments Greek and Turk will smile upon one another while wearing fewer than four concealed weapons combined. During the great Cyprus crisis of 1974, the meter on the scale went up to about 95, and for a few days it seemed likelier than not that war would result, a horrible internecine war destructive of NATO, pyrrhic in its consequences to the two eastern Mediterranean states whose enduring patrimony includes the golden age of Pericles, the glories of the Ottoman Empire, and the hatred of one another.

The worst features of the Cyprus crisis were not that the Turks invaded the island and increased substantially their occupation of its greener pastures but that it was all done as a result of an idiotic initiative undertaken by the incumbent Greek colonel. He paid for it all with his post, and in a matter of weeks the republic was reconstituted under Karamanlis; but the aggravation was, and continues to be, intolerable to Greek pride.

It was during that period that the United States played so useful a role as the hate-object of Greek passion—when it was widely advertised that the Central Intelligence Agency was responsible for the military and political misfortunes of Greece. This was somewhat difficult to maintain, inasmuch as it was also the line, and had been for years, of Andreas Papandreou, the son of George, the genial old demagogue of Greek politics. Andreas went to the University of California at Berkeley to teach economics and, having done his best to make Berkeley uninhabitable, repatriated himself to Greece and started raising hell more or less for fun and profit. When the colonels took over in 1967, President Johnson was overheard to have said to a military aide, in response to pressure from the academic community, "Tell those Greek bastards not to shoot that son of a bitch from Berkeley, whatever his name is"; and so Papandreou lived to fight another day, and during his interval in exile tried to persuade the world that the colonels were taking orders from the CIA. If they were, then it became hard to understand why the United States would order the colonels to move into Cyprus and destroy the equilibrium there, antagonizing Turkey, upsetting the balance of forces in the area, getting our navy kicked out of vital bases in Greece—but the Left transcends the rigors of logic when pursuing its objectives: make the world unsafe for America, stimulate discontents among non-Communist nations—and blame it all on the CIA, or whatever is the fashionable American incubus of the day.

Papandreou has once again a leverage on events now that he is back in parliament. But he is truly the irresponsible man, anxious to bring Greeks and Turks to fighting fury with each other, and now he is being furnished by the Turks with a provocation. For dozens of years, indeed one supposes for generations and centuries, the exact boundaries between Greece and Turkey in the Aegean Sea have been in dispute. The Turkish imperialists have dusted off the thesis that most of the Greek islands in the eastern Aegean are, really, nothing more than atolls squatted down on the Turkish continental shelf, which shoves out westward incorporating one-third to one-half of the Aegean Sea. That claim, made in front of a Greek, is akin to challenging his mother's chastity, and his instinct is to reach for his musket. As I write, the on-duty wing of the Greek parliament meets to determine upon an appropriate response to a Turkish seismic exploration ship which is conducting experiments as if it were floating over its own territory, though it knows very well that it fishes in seas proclaimed as Greek by Rand-McNally. The Greek government is disposed to issue a polite, measured response, notifying the Turks that their ship is infringing on Greek territory, there by sufferance, and what do they propose to do about it? Diplomatic rhythm calls on the Turks to argue eristically that that is not the case, and then, after its negotiations with the Security Council, to make an appointment with the World Court, a half-decade down the line. But enter Papandreou, heaving and fuming and talking about Hellenistic pride, and doing his level best to catapult the incident into the kind of impasse that excludes, after a while, anything but explosive responses. Leaving Papandreou where? Nobody knows for sure; but leaving, in the wake of his demagoguery, a ravished and humiliated country.

Pericles warned in his great funeral oration that the Greeks bring the fatal problems on themselves. The challenge now is to take the Turkish ship in stride, and give Papandreou a taste of the medicine invented by his forefathers: ostracism. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A N. J. congressman who sponsored a resolution declaring it to be the policy of the United States to renounce the first use of nuclear weapons — 2 91 142 48 21 60 70 4 130

B. Another sponsor (this one from Wisc.) — 20 16 155 133 121

C. A musical instrument — 90 49 71 95 111 156

D. Another of the 90-odd sponsors (see WORD A) (this one from Fla.) — 136 143 104 122 23 6

E. "Use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often ___" — 149 40 132 114 85 22 44 61 89 3 112

F. A Mass. sponsor of WORD A's resolution — 171 153 157 33 116 74 78

G. A candy — 17 52 158 92 123 109

H. Not sorry — 30 51 138 63 73 162 18 38 58 66

I. A Minn. sponsor of WORD A's resolution — 24 8 43 55 65

J. Scramble a musical term and get a pole — 35 165 97 159 144

K. An Iowa sponsor of WORD A's resolution — 62 81 110 37 10 124

L. A Texas sponsor of WORD A's resolution — 67 31 56 75 126 139 129 108

M. A Wisc. sponsor of WORD A's resolution — 77 54 147 160 34

N. This department has charge of much of the great outdoors — 106 11 125 83 166 57 76 170

O. Part of a bowling alley — 94 135 1 12 28 53

P. To delay momentarily — 98 151 161 64 113 36 137 13

Q. A river in Scotland — 101 32 25

R. A Mass. sponsor of WORD A's resolution — 7 14 93 150 26 168

S. A Greek letter — 39 163 96 86

T. This is used for making baskets and hats — 80 99 131 9 5 128

U. A Colo. sponsor of WORD A's resolution — 105 118 169 164 152

V. A Calif. sponsor of WORD A's resolution — 47 140 68 27 154 100

W. Buy coffin nails here (be sure to pay tax) — 59 102 141 145 134 82 117 127 19 42 87

X. Bungling — 72 107 119 41 103

Y. A Minn. sponsor of WORD A's resolution — 84 146 15 120 50 45 167 29

Z. Any of a genus of usually large often dimorphic and greenish marine polychaete worms — 115 69 88 79 46 148

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1138 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

				1 O	2 A	3 E		4 A	5 T	6 D	7 R		8 I	9 T		10 K	11 N	12 O	13 P
14 R	15 Y	16 B	17 G		18 H	19 W	20 B	21 A		22 E	23 D	24 I	25 Q		26 R	27 V	28 O	29 Y	30 H
31 L	32 Q	33 F	34 M		35 J	36 P	37 K	38 H		39 S	40 E		41 X	42 W	43 I	44 E	45 Y	46 Z	47 V
48 A		49 C	50 Y		51 H	52 G	53 O	54 M		55 I	56 L	57 N	58 H		59 W	60 A		61 E	62 K
63 H		64 P	65 I	66 H	67 L	68 V	69 Z	70 A	71 C		72 X	73 H		74 F		75 L	76 N	77 M	78 F
79 Z		80 T	81 K	82 W	83 N		84 Y	85 E		86 S		87 W	88 Z	89 E	90 C	91 A		92 G	93 R
94 O	95 C	96 S		97 J	98 P	99 T	100V		101Q	102W		103X	104D	105U		106N	107X	108L	109G
110K	111C	112E	113P		114E	115Z		116F	117W	118U	119X	120Y	121B	122D	123G	124K	125N		126L
127W		128T		129L	130A	131T	132E	133B	134W	135O	136D	137P		138H	139L	140V	141W	142A	143D
144J		145W		146Y	147M	148Z	149E	150R	151P	152U	153F		154V		155B	156C	157F	158G	159J
160M	161P	162H	163S	164U		165J	166N		167Y	168R		169U	170N	171F					

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The freshest thing about this bread is something his diet's had for centuries.

Funny thing about this Japanese *kabuki* dancer.

His traditional diet may be better in some ways than yours.

More and more, doctors in the Western world believe his diet has at least two advantages: more fiber and fewer calories.

Now, this remarkable bread, Fresh Horizons, has been developed to give you much the *same* advantages.

The people who bake bread at ITT make Fresh Horizons with fewer calories than regular white bread. Actually, 30% fewer calories.

At the same time, it has far more fiber than whole wheat bread. Ounce for ounce, as much fiber as you get from 100% bran cereal.

Yet Fresh Horizons, white or wheat, tastes like any other good-tasting bread.

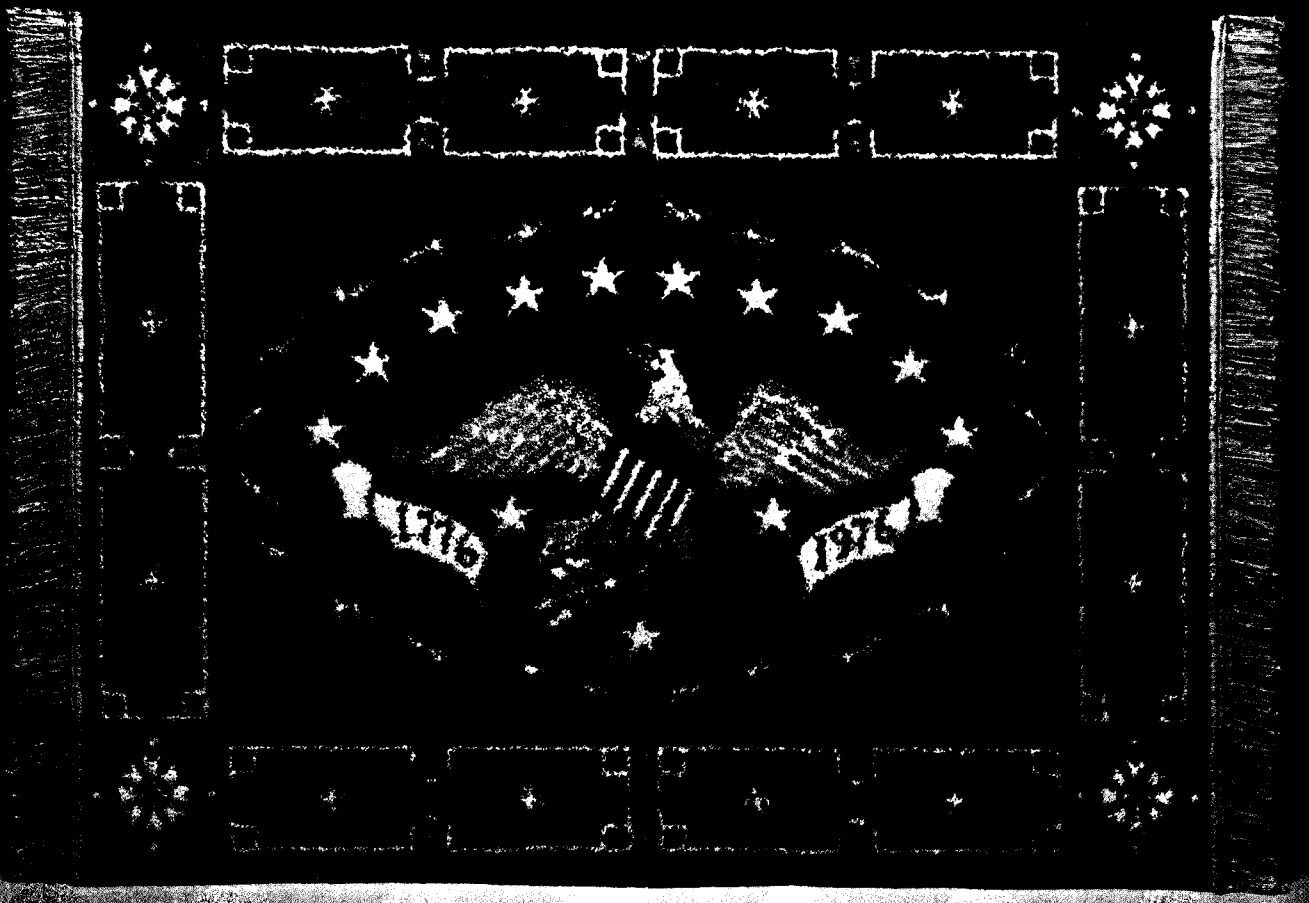
ITT makes Fresh Horizons bread because we think your diet ought to be just as good to you as his diet is to him.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Avenue, New York, N Y 10022.

LICENSED TO UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A rug like this comes along once every 200 years.



The Bicentennial rug.

It's a very special work of art you may want to hang on a wall. It's something that could become an heirloom.

In fact, it now decorates the foyer of the Vice Presidential Mansion and has become a part of the permanent collection of the Smithsonian Institute.

The Bicentennial is an exclusive Milliken design. Made of 100% Anso® nylon, it measures 2'10" x 4'4". And has a 5-year wear guarantee.

See your Milliken Rug Dealer or send your check for $19.76 to THE MILL STORE, 612 LINCOLN STREET, LAGRANGE, GEORGIA 30240. BankAmericard or Master Charge numbers accepted. No C.O.D.'s please. Price includes shipping and handling in Continental USA.

Don't delay though, it'll be a long, long time before you see another rug like this one.

MILLIKEN
CARPETS

Deering Milliken, Inc., LaGrange, Georgia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED